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A
SELECTION OF HYMNS

FROM SEVERAL OF
THE BEST AUTHORS,

DESIGNED ESPECIALLY

AS

A SUPPLEMENT TO DR. WATTS.

BY W. ROBY.

“Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart unto the Lord.” EPH. v. 19.

“I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.” 1 COR. xiv. 15.

THE TENTH EDITION.

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PREFACE.

REAL religion teaches a person to reconcile his duty with his happiness, and to make obedience to the divine commands both his desire and his delight. The truth of this remark applies with special propriety to singing. God has commanded us to make divine subjects the matter of our songs: and this most harmoniously accords with the temper and disposition of those whose hearts are renewed by the Spirit of God. Some of the happiest moments of their lives, are spent in this delightful exercise.

David, the sweet singer of Israel, was peculiarly animated in this part of divine worship; and the psalms he composed, under the immediate influence of the Divine Spirit, are recorded for our use. Attend to that rich collection of sacred poesy, and you hear him sometimes extolling the perfections and works of God in songs of lofty praise; at other times he dwells on the doctrines of divine

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revelation in what he entitles *Maschil*, or psalms of instruction; and, on particular occasions, you hear him pouring out his heart in plaintive notes of penitence and grief, in fervent addresses of prayer and supplication, or in the melodious strains of gratitude and thanksgiving.

Some have contended, that nothing but the psalms of David, literally translated, ought to be admitted into the public worship of God; urging, that all besides are only *human compositions*. But though the compositions be human, if the subject be divine, and expressed with propriety, we have liberty to use them in our songs unto the Lord. With as much reason might we say, that a person must make use of no *prayers* but those which are recorded in the scripture, as that he must sing no *psalms* or *hymns* but those which are written there. Both the prayers and psalms contained in the Bible, are not only for our use, but likewise for our imitation.

Dr. Watts has contributed very largely to the comfort and edification of the church of

PREFACE.

God in this respect. His imitation of the psalms is so admirably suited to the Christian dispensation, and in his hymns the spirit of piety and of poetry are so happily united, that, as the production of an individual, they are deservedly esteemed the most complete companion for public worship.

Some authors however, though less prolific, have given us a few hymns not inferior to those of the Doctor himself; and it would be unpardonable partiality indeed to reject them, merely because they do not bear his name. The following, which include a variety both of subjects and metres, are gathered from several of the best authors. I am far from supposing that I have selected all that deserve our esteem, or even that I have chosen the best; but I hope they are such as may be a means, in the hands of the Divine Spirit, of edifying and comforting those who may adopt them either as a supplement to Dr. Watts, or as a companion for the closet or the pocket.

For greater convenience in using them, the number on the head of the page, always

PREFACE.

agrees with the number of the hymn or hymns which fill it; and an orderly arrangement of subjects is observed through the whole, according to the table of contents at the end of the book.

My prayer for those who may adopt this selection of hymns, is, that they may be divinely assisted to sing them with the Spirit, and with the understanding, making melody in their heart unto the Lord; and that their praises of God on earth may at last issue in the song of Moses and of the Lamb, with the church triumphant above. Even so, Amen.

W. R.

*Manchester,
1st May, 1797.*

HYMNS.

I. *Sacred Melody.* S. M.

- 1 **A**WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb :
Wake, ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
To sing the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r ;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues ;
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
In Christ th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come ;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wand'ers home.

- 6 There shall our raptur'd tongue
 His endless praise proclaim ;
 And sing, in sweetest notes, the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

II. *Universal Praise.* 7. 6.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
 And keeps his courts below;
 Praise the holy God of love,
 And all his greatness shew.
 Praise him for his noble deeds,
 Praise him for his matchless pow'r;
 Him from whom all good proceeds,
 Let earth and heav'n adore.
- 2 Publish, spread to all around
 The great Immanuel's name ;
 Let the trumpet's martial sound,
 Him Lord of Hosts proclaim :
 Praise him, ev'ry tuneful string,
 All the reach of heav'nly art;
 All the pow'rs of music bring,
 The music of the heart.
- 3 Him in whom they move and live,
 Let ev'ry creature sing ;
 Glory to their Maker give,
 And homage to their King.
 Hallow'd be his name beneath,
 As in heav'n, on earth ador'd ;
 Praise the Lord in ev'ry breath,
 Let all things praise the Lord.

III. *The Lord's Day Morning.* 8s.

- 1 THE Saviour meets his flock to-day,
 Shall I in sloth abide at home?
 Shall I behind his people stay,
 When Jesus calls, "There still is room?"
 I'll go: it is a house of pray'r,
 Who knows but God may meet me there.
- 2 To-day Immanuel feeds his saints,
 And there the Christians find their King;
 There they lay open their complaints,
 And there the holy armies sing:
 Into their number I'll presume,
 Since Jesus kindly bids me come.
- 3 How long did faithful Anna wait,
 And seek the Lord for fourscore years!
 Both day and night the temple gate
 She watch'd, with many groans and tears;
 Nor would she leave the house of pray'r,
 Till God vouchsaf'd to meet her there.
- 4 Dear Saviour! then afford me pow'r,
 And like the saint I'll watch for thee;
 Content I'll wait th' appointed hour,
 When thou shalt be reveal'd in me:
 Daily my soul within thy gate,
 Shall for thy loving kindness wait.
- 5 Remove temptations, O my Lord!
 And let my enemies be slain,
 Which would withdraw me from thy word,
 And plunge me in the world again;
 And when the Bridegroom shall appear,
 O let my soul be found in pray'r.

IV. *The Lord's Day.* 8s.

- 1 GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
 Demands our souls' collected pow'rs :
 May we employ in work divine
 These solemn,—these devoted hours!
 O may our souls, adoring, own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne.
- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
 Where God resides appear no more!
 Omniscient God! thy piercing eye
 Can every secret thought explore.
 O may thy grace our hearts refine,
 And fix our thoughts on things divine!
- 3 The word of life, dispens'd to-day,
 Invites us to a heav'nly feast;
 May ev'ry ear the call obey,
 Be ev'ry heart a humble guest!
 O bid the wretched sons of need
 On soul-reviving dainties feed!
- 4 Thy Spirit's pow'rful aid impart,
 O may thy word, with life divine,
 Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
 Then shall the day indeed be thine:
 Then shall our souls, adoring, own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne.

V. *The Lord's Day.* L. M.

- 1 THANKS to thy name, O Lord, that we
 One glorious sabbath more behold;
 Dear Shepherd, let us meet with thee
 Among thy sheep in this thy fold.

- 2 Now, Lord, among thy tribes appear,
And let thy presence fill the throng;
Thine awful voice let sinners hear,
And bid the feeble heart be strong.
- 3 Gather the lambs into thine arms,
And satisfy their ev'ry want;
And those with young defend from harms,
And gently lead them lest they faint.
- 4 Put forth thy shepherd's crook and stay
Thy wand'ring sheep and bring them back;
O bring the wand'ring home to-day!
And save them for thy mercy's sake.
- 5 Let ev'ry soul before thee here,
Through thee, the Door, now enter in;
Find pasture with our Saviour dear,
Sav'd from the guilt and pow'r of sin.
- 6 Dear tender hearted Shepherd, look,
And let our wants thy bowels move;
And kindly lead thy little flock,
To the sweet pastures of thy love.
- 7 There sweetly feed our hungry souls,
In flow'ry fields, near the sweet stream
Where living water gently rolls
Towards the New Jerusalem.

VI. *The Eternal Sabbath.* L. M.

- 1 THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

VII. *Opening of Public Worship.* L.M.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

VIII. *Public Worship.* L. M.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat :
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.
- 5 Behold ! at thy commanding word,
Let Sion stretch her cords abroad ;
Come then, and fill that wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.
- 6 Lord we are few, but thou art near ;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear :
O rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own !

IX. *Public Worship.* L. M.

- 1 HEAR, gracious Sov'reign, from thy throne,
And send thy various blessings down ;
While by thine Israel thou art sought,
Attend the pray'r thy word hath taught.

- 2 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest hearts with love :
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy godlike pow'r be known.
- 3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrow rise ;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.
- 4 O let a holy flock await,
Num'rous around thy temple gate;
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.
- 5 In answer to our fervent cries,
Give us to see thy church arise ;
Or, if that blessing seem too great,
Give us to mourn its low estate.

X. *Public Worship.* C. M.

- 1 BLESS'D be thy name, immortal King,
Of all the nations, Lord ;
Whose love provides, for fainting souls,
The cordial of thy word.
- 2 Again, with troops of pious friends,
We seek the house of pray'r,
To learn thy will, to sing thy praise :
Again, Lord, meet us here.
- 3 Lift up our souls in holy zeal,
Inflame our breasts with love ;
Touch our unhallow'd lips with fire,
O thou anointing Dove !
- 4 Leave then, my soul, the things of earth,
With God's assembly join ;

Lo ! heav'n descends, inviting man
To taste the things divine.

- 5 I come, dear Saviour, lo I come !
Lord of my life and soul !
I come, diseas'd, and faint, and sick ;
Be pleas'd to make me whole.
- 6 I thirst, and fly to thee, my Lord,
Thou Fountain-head of good !
Filthy I come, and all unclean,
O cleanse me in thy blood.

XI. *Before Sermon.* 7s.

- 1 SOURCE of light and pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy truth to shine,
Lord, behold thy servant stands ;
Lo ! to thee he lifts his hands :
Satisfy his soul's desire ;
Touch his lip with holy fire.
- 2 Softly fall the healing sound,
Like the dew-drop on the ground ;—
Drooping plants shall soon revive,
Faith in bud begin to live ;
And enlarg'd, shall soon disclose
Beauties of the full-blown rose.
- 3 In thy pure and holy way,
Heights and greater heights display ;
So that whilst our race we run,
We may think it but begun ;
Nor the past contemplate more,
Urgent still on what's before.
- 4 Ope' thy treasures ! so shall fall
Uncion sweet on him, on all :

Till by odours scatter'd round,
 Christ himself be trac'd and found;
 Then shall ev'ry raptur'd heart,
 Rich in peace and joy, depart.

XII. *Before Sermon.* C. M.

- 1 Now may the Spirit's holy fire,
 Descending from above,
 His waiting family inspire
 With joy, and peace, and love !
- 2 Touch with a living coal the lip
 That shall proclaim thy word ;
 And bid each awful hearer keep
 Attention to the Lord.
- 3 To ev'ry hungry soul dispense
 From thine exhaustless store ;
 And let no one go empty hence,
 But feed, and pray for more.
- 4 Bid the convincing north-wind wake ;
 Say to the south-wind, blow ;
 Bid ev'ry plant thy pow'r partake,
 And all the garden grow.
- 5 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly show'rs ;
 The cold, with warmth divine ;
 And, as the benefit is ours,
 Be all the glory thine !

XIII. *Before Sermon.* 7s.

- 1 LORD, how large thy bounties are,
 Tender, gracious sinner's Friend !
 What a feast dost thou prepare,
 And what invitations send !

Now fulfil thy great design,
 Who did'st first the message bring,
 Ev'ry heart to thee incline,
 Now compel them to come in.

- 2 Rushing on the downward road,
 Sinners no compulsion need ;
 Glory to forsake, and God,
 See, they run with rapid speed ;
 Draw them back by love divine,
 With thy grace their spirits win ;
 Ev'ry heart to thee incline,
 Now compel them to come in.
- 3 Thus their willing souls compel ;
 Thus their happy minds constrain,
 From the ways of death and hell,
 Home to God, and grace again :
 Stretch that conqu'ring arm of thine,
 Once outstretch'd to bleed for sin ;
 Ev'ry heart to thee incline,
 Now compel them to come in.

XIV. *Before Sermon.*

- 1 THY presence, gracious God, afford,
 Prepare us to receive thy word ;
 Now let thy voice engage our ear,
 And faith be mix'd with what we hear :
Chor.—Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown thy gospel with success.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
 And fix our hearts and hopes above ;
 With food divine may we be fed,
 And satisfy'd with living bread :
Chor.—Thus, Lord, &c.

3 To us the sacred word apply,
 With sov'reign pow'r and energy;
 And may we, in thy faith and fear,
 Reduce to practice what we hear:
Chor.—Thus, Lord, &c.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal,
 Teach us to know and do thy will;
 Thy saving pow'r and love display,
 And guide us to the realms of day:
Chor.—Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
 And crown thy gospel with success.

XV. *Before Sermon.* C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
 Let us thine influence prove:
 Source of the old prophetic fire,
 Fountain of life and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for, mov'd by thee,
 The prophets wrote and spoke;
 Unlock the truth, (thyself the key!)
 Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Water with heav'nly dew thy word,
 In this appointed hour;
 Attend it with thy presence, Lord,
 And bid it come with pow'r.
- 4 Open the hearts of them that hear,
 To make the Saviour room;
 Now let us find redemption near,
 Let faith by hearing come.

XVI. *Before Sermon.* 8. 7.

BLESSED Lord, be thou our teacher,
 Helper, counsellor, and guide;
 Speak the promise through the preacher,
 And the hearing ear provide.
 Vain is learning, parts, or merit,
 Vain the native pow'rs of man;
 Jesus! send thy Holy Spirit,
 To display the gospel plan.

XVII. *Before Sermon.* L. M.

- 1 Confirm the hope thy word allows,
 Behold us waiting to be fed;
 Bless the provisions of thy house,
 And satisfy thy poor with bread.
- 2 Drawn by thine invitation, Lord,
 Athirst and hungry we are come;
 Now from the fulness of thy word,
 Feast us, and send us thankful home.

XVIII. *Before Sermon.* C. M.

- 1 IN vain Apollo's silver tongue,
 And Paul's with strains profound,
 Diffuse among the list'ning throng,
 The gospel's gladd'ning sound.
- 2 Jesus, the work is wholly thine
 To form the heart anew;
 Now let thy sov'reign grace divine
 Each stubborn soul subdue.

XIX. *Before Sermon.* 8. 7. 4.

- 1 DEAREST Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wond'rous love!
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve:
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining courts above.
- 2 Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the gospel feast,
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them;
Every soul be Jesu's guest!
O receive us:
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

XX. *Before Sermon.* 8. 7. 4.

- 1 COME thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 O may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's design'd to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive.
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

XXI. *Before Sermon.* 8. 8. 6.

- 1 O JESUS, now we humbly pray,
Be gracious to thy church to-day;

Thy saving health impart;
 The dew of heav'n on us distil,
 With love each empty vessel fill,
 And cheer the drooping heart.

- 2 Cut ev'ry cord that binds us here,
 Us from our ev'ry hind'rance tear;
 Give each a single heart;
 Give grace to tread down self and sin,
 Give grace eternal life to win,
 Ere we from hence depart.

XXII. *Precious Bible.* 8. 7. 7.

- 1 PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
 Does the word of God afford!
 All I want for life or pleasure,
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword:
 Let the world account me poor,
 Having this, I need no more.
- 2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
 Here my hungry soul enjoys;
 Of excess there is no danger,
 Though it fills, it never cloy:
 On a dying Christ I feed,
 He is meat and drink indeed!
- 3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
 Or when Satan wounds my mind,
 Cordials to revive me quickly,
 Healing med'cines here I find:
 To the promises I flee,
 Each affords a remedy.
- 4 In the hour of dark temptation,
 Satan cannot make me yield;

For the word of consolation
 Is to me a mighty shield :
 While the scripture truths are sure,
 From his malice I'm secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
 When I take the Spirit's sword ;
 Then with ease I drive him from me,
 Satan trembles at the word :
 'Tis a sword for conquest made,
 Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

6 Shall I envy then the miser,
 Doating on his golden store ?
 Sure I am, or should be, wiser ;
 I am rich,—'tis he is poor :
 Jesus gives me, in his word,
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

XXIII. *The Law and Gospel.* L. M.

1 "CURS'D be the man, for ever curs'd,
 "That doth one wilful sin commit :
 "Death and damnation for the first,
 "Without relief and infinite."

2 Thus Sinai roars ; and round the earth,
 Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings ;
 But, Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
 And Calvary, say gentler things.

3 "Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
 "Streaming along a Saviour's blood ;
 "And life, and joys, and crowns above,
 "Obtain'd by a dear bleeding God."

4* Hark how he prays, (the charming sound
 Dwells on his dying lips,) "FORGIVE ;"

And ev'ry groan and gaping wound
Cries, "Father! let the rebels live."

5 Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil and seek salvation there;
Look to the flame that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

6 But I'll retire beneath the cross,
Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie;
And the keen sword that justice draws,
Flaming and red shall pass me by.

XXIV. *Electing Love.* 10. 11.

1 How happy are we, our election who see,
And venture, O Lord, for salvation on thee!
In Jesus approv'd, eternally lov'd,
Upheld by thy power, we cannot be mov'd.

2 Our seeking thy face was all of thy grace,
Thy mercy demands and shall have all the
praise.

No sinner can be beforehand with thee,
Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.

3 Our Saviour and friend, his love shall extend,
It knew no beginning, and never shall end.
Whom once he receives, his Spirit ne'er
leaves,

Nor ever repents of the grace that he gives.

4 Yet one thing we want, more holiness grant!
For more of thy mind and thine image we pant:
Thine image impress on thy fav'rite race,
O! fashion and polish thy vessels of grace.

5 Thy workmanship we more fully would be,
Lord stretch out thy hand, and conform us
to thee:

While onward we move to Canaan above,
Come, fill us with holiness, fill us with love.

XXV. *The Covenant of Grace.* C. M.

- 1 MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
- 2 What though my house be not with thee
As nature could desire!
To nobler joys than nature gives,
Thy servants all aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My father art become;
Jesus, my guardian, and my friend,
And heav'n my final home;
- 4 I welcome all thy sov'reign will;
For all that will is love;
And, when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.
- 5 Thy cov'nant in the darkest gloom,
Shall heav'nly rays impart,
Which, when my eye-lids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

XXVI. *The God of Abraham.* 6. 8. 4.

- 1 THE God of Abr'ham praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above:
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heav'n confess'd;

I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.

- 2 The God of Abr'ham praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
At his right hand:

I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tow'r.

- 3 The God of Abr'ham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways:

He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesu's blood.

- 4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall on eagle's wings up-borne,
To heav'n ascend:

I shall behold his face,
I shall his pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

XXVII. *The Mercy of God.* 11s.

- 1 THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my
tongue:

Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Has won my affections, and bound my soul
fast.

- 2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here;
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair:
But, thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me still keeps me alive.
- 3 Whene'er I mistake, thy kind mercy begins
To melt me, and then I can mourn for my sins;
And, led by thy Spirit to Jesus's blood,
My sorrows are dry'd, and my strength is
renew'd.
- 4 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart;
Dissolv'd by thy sun-shine, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.
- 5 Thy mercy is endless, most tender, and free;
No sinner needs doubt, since 'tis given to me:
No merit will buy it, nor fears stop its course;
Good works are the fruits of its freeness and
force.
- 6 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Of mercy I'll sing, of thy mercy I'll tell:
'Twas Jesus my friend, when he hung on the
tree,
That open'd the channel of mercy for me.
- 7 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
And the cov'nant love of thy crucify'd Son:
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine,
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness
mine.

XXVIII. *Everlasting Mercy.* 8s.

- I Now I have found the blessed ground
Where my soul's anchor may remain;

The Lamb of God, who, for my sin,
 Was from the world's foundation slain :
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heav'n and earth are fled away.

- 2 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
 From condemnation now I'm free;
 While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
 Mercy! free, boundless mercy! cries.
- 3 With faith I plunge me in this sea;
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
 Hither, when hell assails I flee,
 And look unto my Saviour's breast:
 Away sad doubts and anxious fear,
 Mercy is only written there!
- 4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Though strength, and health, and friends
 be gone;
 Though joys be wither'd all, and dead,
 Though ev'ry comfort be withdrawn;
 Stedfast on this my soul relies:
 Saviour, thy mercy never dies.
- 5 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
 Though heart should fail, and flesh decay;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away:
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Lov'd with an everlasting love!

XXIX. *Redemption.* L. M.

- 1 ENSLAV'D by sin, and bound in chains,
 Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,

And doom'd to everlasting pains,
We wretched guilty captives lay.

2 Nor gold, nor gems, could buy our peace,
Nor the whole world's collected store,
Suffice to purchase our release;
A thousand worlds were all too poor.

3 Jesus the Lord, the mighty God,
An all-sufficient ransom paid:
Invalu'd price! his precious blood
For vile rebellious traitors shed.

4 Jesus the sacrifice became,
To rescue guilty souls from hell;
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb,
Beneath avenging justice fell.

5 Amazing goodness! love divine!
O may our grateful hearts adore
The matchless grace; nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more.

6 Dear Saviour, let thy love pursue
The glorious work it has begun;
Each secret, lurking foe subdue,
And let our hearts be thine alone.

xxx. *Redeeming Love.* 7s.

1 Now begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love!

2 [Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.]

- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancel'd by redeeming love!
- 4 [Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove;
Stop—and taste redeeming love!]
- 5 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to your Saviour's breast:
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love!
- 6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours;
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love!
- 7 Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string!
Mortals join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love!

XXXI. *Redeeming Love.* L. M.

- 1 HARK! in the wilderness a cry!
It shakes the mountains, rends the earth;
The King appears, behold him nigh!
The God by nature, man by birth!
- 2 Run to, and fro, ye heralds run,
Proclaim aloud, "Prepare the way!"
Redemption's glorious work's begun,
And who his potent arm shall stay?
- 3 Make straight the paths before his feet,
And ev'ry obstacle remove;

Drop down, ye hills, your cumb'rous weight,
And bow before redeeming love.

- 4 Then shall the lowly valley rise,
Its budding honours spring to view;
Swift the creating fiat flies,
And all is blissful, all is new.
- 5 Know'st thou the meaning, nature's child?
Know'st thou the import of the cry?
Thy heart's the desert, waste and wild;
But lo! the kind Reclaimer's nigh.
- 6 Mountains of unbelief and sin
Before him crumble into dust;
Thy humbled heart shall then begin
His all-restoring hand to trust.
- 7 By him exalted, know thy state,
A garden rich in fruit and flow'r;
Thy gracious Master's lov'd retreat,
The wonder of redeeming pow'r,

XXXII. *Divine Forgiveness.* L. M.

- 1 FORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
To malefactor's doom'd to die;
Publish the bliss the world around;
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!
- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine,
'Tis full, out-measuring ev'ry crime;
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.
- 3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sov'reign grace expand,
The seas of sov'reign grace arise.

- 4 For this stupendous love of heav'n
 What grateful honours shall we show?
 Where much transgression is forgiv'n,
 Let love with equal ardour glow.
- 5 By this inspir'd, let all our days
 With various holiness be crown'd;
 Let truth and goodness, pray'r and praise,
 In all abide, in all abound.

XXXIII. *God ready to Forgive.* L. M.

- 1 WHAT mean these jealousies and fears,
 As if the Lord were loth to save,
 Or lov'd to see us drench'd in tears,
 And sink with sorrow to the grave?
- 2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne?
 Or rules he by an iron rod?
 Loves he the deep despairing groan?
 Is he a tyrant or a God?
- 3 Not all the sins which we have wrought,
 So much his tender bowels grieve,
 As this unkind, injurious thought,
 *That he's unwilling to forgive.
- 4 What though our crimes are black as night,
 Or glowing like the crimson morn!
 Immanuel's blood will make them white
 As snow through the pure ether borne.
- 5 Lord, 'tis amazing grace we own,
 And well may rebel worms surprise;
 But was not thy incarnate Son
 A most amazing sacrifice?
- 6 "I've found a ransom," saith the Lord,
 "No humble penitent shall die:"

Lord we would now believe thy word,
And thine unbounded mercies try!

XXXIV. *The Pardoning God.* 8s.

- 1 GREAT GOD of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrival'd shine:
Who is a pard'ning God like thee!
Or who has grace so rich and free!
- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare!
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share:
Who is a pard'ning God like thee!
Or who has grace so rich and free!
- 3 Angels and men, resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love and grace!
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze:
Who is a pard'ning God like thee!
Or who has grace so rich and free!
- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God:
Pardon, for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon seal'd with Jesu's blood:
Who is a pard'ning God like thee!
Or who has grace so rich and free!
- 5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic choirs above:

Who is a pard'ning God like thee!
Or who has grace so rich and free!

XXXV. *Imputed Righteousness.* L. M.

- 1 JESU, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of earth I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea:
"Jesus hath liv'd and died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully through thee absolv'd I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim,
Sinners of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 O let the dead now hear thy voice;
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus the Lord our righteousness!

XXXVI. *Imputed Righteousness.* C. M.

- 1 FAIR as the moon my robes appear,
While graces are my dress:

- Clear as the sun, while found to wear
My Saviour's righteousness.
- 2 My moon-like graces, changing much,
Are soil'd with many a spot;
My sun-like glory is not such;
My Saviour changes not.
- 3 In him array'd, my robes of light
The morning rays outshine:
The stars of heaven are not so bright
Nor angels half so fine.
- 4 Though hellish smoke my duties stain,
And sin deform me quite;
The blood of Jesus makes me clean,
And his obedience white.
- 5 Then let the law in rigour stand,
And for perfection call;
My Lord discharg'd the whole demand,
My surety paid it all.
- 6 Let ev'ry high self-righteous thought
Be utterly cast down;
Free grace alone the work has wrought,
And grace shall wear the crown.
- 7 O may I practically show
My int'rest in that grace!
Be all I am, and have, and do,
Devoted to thy praise!

XXXVII. *Privileges of Adoption.* 7s.

- 1 BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesu's blood;
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:

With them number'd may we be,
Now and through eternity.

- 2 God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun ;
They the seal of this receive
When on Jesus they believe :
With them, &c.
- 3 They are justify'd by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace ;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day :
With them, &c.
- 4 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness ;
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure seed remains within :
With them, &c.
- 5 They have fellowship with God
Through the Mediator's blood ;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun :
With them, &c.
- 6 Though they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldling's mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy :
With them, &c.
- 7 They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ ;
They with love and peace are fill'd,
They are by his Spirit seal'd :

With them number'd may we be,
Now and through eternity !

XXXVIII. *The Spirit of Adoption.* 8s.

- 1 FATHER, (if thou my Father art,)

Send forth the Spirit of thy Son ;
Breathe him into my panting heart,
And make me know as I am known :
Make me thy conscious child, that I
May Father, *Abba*, Father, cry !
- 2 O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest ;
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast ;
And make my soul his lov'd abode,
The temple of th' in-dwelling God !

XXXIX. *Sanctification.* L. M.

- 1 NOT words alone it cost the Lord
To purchase pardon for his own ;
Nor will a soul, by grace restor'd,
Return the Saviour words alone.
- 2 With golden bells, the priestly vest,
And rich pom'granates border'd round,
The need of holiness express'd,
And call'd for fruit as well as sound.
- 3 Easy indeed it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling words and fluent speech
Might serve, instead of faith and love.
- 4 But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see,

Who talks of free and sov'reign grace,
Unless that grace has made him free.

XL. *Unchanging Love of Christ.* 10. 11.

- 1 IF Jesus is ours we have a true friend,
Whose goodness endures the same to the end:
Our comforts may vary, our frames may decline;
We cannot miscarry, our aid is divine.
- 2 Though God may delay to shew us his light,
And heaviness may endure for a night;
Yet joy, in the morning, shall surely abound;
No shadow of turning in Jesus is found.
- 3 The hills may depart, and mountains remove;
But faithful thou art, O Fountain of love!
The Father hath graven our names on thy hands;
Our building in heaven eternally stands.
- 4 A moment he hid the light of his face,
Yet firmly decreed to save us by grace;
And though he reprov'd us, and still may re-
prove,
For ever he lov'd us, and ever will love.
- 5 Then tune ev'ry string to Jesus's name!
With angels we'll sing the song of the Lamb:
Thee ev'ry believer shall joyfully praise,
Thou bountiful Giver of glory and grace!

XLI. *Unchanging Love of Christ.* 6. 8.

- 1 O MY distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears!
But greater, Lord, thou art,
Than all my doubts and fears:
Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.

2 Unchangeable his will,
 Whatever be my frame;
 His loving heart is still
 Eternally the same:
 My soul through many changes goes;
 His love no variation knows.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
 And perfectly perform
 The work thou hast begun
 In me a sinful worm:
 Midst all my fear, and sin, and woe,
 Thy Spirit will not let me go.

4 The bowels of thy grace
 At first did freely move:
 I still shall see thy face,
 And feel that God is love!
 My soul into thy arms I cast;
 I know I shall be sav'd at last.

XLII. *Perseverance.* 7. 6. 8.

1 By me, O my Saviour, stand,
 In ev'ry trying hour;
 Guard me with thy out-stretch'd hand,
 And hold me by thy pow'r;
 Mindful of thy faithful word,
 Thine all-sufficient grace bestow:
 Keep me, keep me, dearest Lord,
 And never let me go.

2 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
 And fix it in my heart,
 That I may from evil near
 With speedy care depart;

Still thy timely help afford,
 And all thy loving kindness shew :
 Keep me, keep me, &c.

- 3 Let me never leave thy breast,
 From thee, my Saviour, stray ;
 Thou art my support and rest,
 My true and living way ;
 My exceeding great reward
 In heav'n above, and earth below :
 Keep me, keep me, &c.
- 4 Never let me go, till I
 Up-borne on wings of love,
 Gain the regions of the sky,
 And take my seat above :
 Thou hast past thy gracious word,
 That thou wilt bring me safely through ;
 Thou wilt therefore, keep me, Lord,
 Nor ever let me go.

XLIII. *Perseverance.* C. M.

- 1 LORD, hast thou made me know thy ways ?
 Conduct me in thy fear,
 And grant me such supplies of grace
 That I may persevere.
- 2 Let but thine own almighty arm
 Sustain a feeble worm ;
 I shall escape, secure from harm,
 Amid the dreadful storm.
- 3 Be thou my all-sufficient Friend,
 Till all my toils shall cease ;
 Guard me through life, and let my end
 Be everlasting peace.

XLIV. *Strength equal to the Day.* L. M.

- 1 AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
'How shall I stand the trying day?'
He has engag'd by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross
Of sore afflictions, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

XLV. *Salvation finished by Christ.* 8.8.6.

- 1 "'Tis finish'd," the Redeemer said,
And meekly bow'd his dying head;
O wond'rous loving pain!

Come, sinners, and mark well the word!
 There view the conquest of our Lord,
 Complete for helpless man.

2 Finish'd the righteousness of grace;
 Finish'd the pain that bought our peace;
 The sinner's debt is paid:
 Accusing law cancel'd by blood,
 And wrath of an offended God
 In sweet oblivion laid.

3 Who now shall urge a second claim?
 The law no longer can condemn;
 Faith a release can shew:
 Justice itself a friend appears;
 The prison-house a whisper hears,
 "Loose him, and let him go."

4 O unbelief, injurious bar!
 Source of tormenting fruitless fear,
 Why dost thou yet reply?
 Where'er thy loud objections fall,
 "'Tis finish'd," still may answer all,
 And silence every cry.

XLVI. *Salvation finished by Christ.* C. M.

1 SALVATION through our dying God,
 Is finish'd and complete;
 He paid whate'er his people ow'd,
 And cancel'd all their debt.

2 Salvation now shall be my stay:
 "A sinner sav'd," I'll cry;
 Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
 For better joys on high.

XLVII. *Salvation by Grace.* S. M.

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the rising steps display
That grace which drew the plan.
- 3 'Twas grace that wrote my name
In thy eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.
- 4 Grace turn'd my wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.
- 7 O! let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine!
May all my pow'rs to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine!

XLVIII. *Salvation by Grace.* C. M.

- 1 AMAZING grace ! (how sweet the sound !)
That sav'd a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found !
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd.
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease ;
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

XLIX. *Free Grace.* C. M.

- 1 FREE grace, to ev'ry heav'n-born soul,
Will be his constant theme :
Long as eternal ages roll,
He'll still adore the Lamb.
- 2 Free grace alone can wipe the tears
From our lamenting eyes ;
Can raise our souls from guilty fears
To joy that never dies.
- 3 Free grace can death itself out-brave,
And take its sting away ;
Can souls unto the utmost save,
And them to heav'n convey.

- 4 Our Saviour, by free grace alone,
 His building shall complete ;
 With shouting bring forth the head-stone,
 Crying, " Grace, grace to it."
- 5 May I be found a living stone
 In Salem's streets above ;
 And help to sing, before the throne,
 Free grace and dying love.

L. *Divine Grace precious.* C. M.

- 1 GRACE, how exceeding sweet to those
 Who feel they sinners are !
 Sunk and distrest, they taste and know
 Their heav'n is only there.
- 2 We thirst, O Lord, give us, this day,
 To taste more of this grace ;
 More of that stream which, from the rock
 Flow'd through the wilderness.
- 3 'Tis grace alone that feeds our souls,
 Grace keeps us inly poor ;
 And O that nothing else but grace
 May rule for evermore !

LI. *Gospel Invitation.* L. M.

- 1 Ho ! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,
 ('Tis God invites the fallen race,)
 Mercy and free salvation buy :
 Buy wine and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters, come,
 Sinners obey your Maker's voice ;
 Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,
 And in redeeming love rejoice.

- 3 See from the rock a fountain rise !
 For you in healing streams it flows :
 Money ye need not bring, nor price,
 Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
 Leave all you have, and are, behind ;
 Frankly the gift of God receive,
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

LII. *Gospel Invitation.* C. M.

- 1 O what amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found !
 Suited to ev'ry sinner's case
 Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
 Are freely welcome here ;
 Salvation like a river rolls,
 Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
 Your ev'ry burden bring ;
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds—
 A deep, celestial spring.
- 4 "Whoever will," (O gracious word !)
 Shall of this stream partake ;
 Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
 And drink for Jesu's sake.
- 5 This spring with living water flows,
 And living joy imparts ;
 Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
 And drink with thankful hearts.
- 6 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace ;

Come thirsty souls, and prove it true,
And drink, adore, and bless.

- 7 To him, who gives our souls to feel
The drawings of his love,
Be constant praise, while here we dwell,
And nobler songs above.

LIII. *Gospel Invitation.* L. M.

- 1 COME weary souls, with sins distress'd,
The Saviour offers heav'nly rest ;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes abroad ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes ;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy pow'rful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
And sweetly influence ev'ry breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

LIV. *Gospel Invitation.* 8. 7. 4.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore !

Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity join'd with pow'r :
 He is able,
 He is willing : doubt no more.

2 Come, ye thirsty ; come and welcome ;
 God's free bounty glorify :
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh :
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him :
 This he gives you ;
 'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall !
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all :
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 View him prostrate in the garden :
 On the ground your Maker lies !
 On the bloody tree behold him ;
 Hear him cry, before he dies,
 " IT IS FINISH'D :"
 Sinner ! will not this suffice ?

6 Lo ! th' incarnate God, ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood :
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude :

None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

- 7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name :
Hallelujah !
Sinners here, may sing the same.

LV. *Gospel Invitation.* 6. 8.

- 1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you :
Ye perishing and guilty come !
In Jesu's arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame ;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame :
All things are ready, sinner, come !
For ev'ry trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heav'nly word
His messengers proclaim ;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name :
Backsliding souls return and come !
Cast off despair, there yet is room.
- 4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring sheep draw near ;
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear !

Let whosoever will now come!
In mercy's breast there still is room.

LVI. *Yet there is Room.* C. M.

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For ev'ry welcome guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms,
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him, the Father reconcil'd,
Invites the souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.
- 7 Ten thousand times ten thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

LVII. *The Year of Jubilee.* 6. 8.

- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound;
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound:
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!
- 2 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The great atoning Lamb!
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim:
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!
- 3 Ye, who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesu's love:
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive;
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live:
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!
- 5 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heav'nly grace;
 Ye happy souls draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face:
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return to your eternal home!

LVIII. *The Promises.* L. M.

- 1 THE Promise is my joy and song;
'Tis rich and full, 'tis firm and strong:
It answers all the sinner's needs,
And far his scanty thoughts exceeds.
- 2 And yet my weak and doubtful mind
To unbelief is still inclin'd;
For though the word of grace is free,
I often fear 'tis not for me.
- 3 O could I with a steady faith,
Believe what God my Father saith;
Then should I glorify him more,
And his unbounded grace adore!
- 4 How should I trust my heav'nly friend,
And on his faithful word depend!
Then could I fearless view the grave,
And death itself no sting would have.
- 5 This faith would cheer my gloomy way,
And turn my darkness into day;
And still my constant aim would be,
My God! to live or die to thee.

LIX. *Improvement of Time.* 5. 11.

- 1 COME let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still, till the master appear:
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil;
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

- 2 Our life is a dream,
 Our time as a stream
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay :
 The arrow is flown,
 The moment is gone,
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here !
- 3 O that each in the day
 Of his coming may say,
 'I have fought my way through;
 'I have finish'd the work thou didst give me
 to do !'
 O that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word,
 'Well and faithfully done;
 'Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.'

LX. *Alarm to Sinners.* 7. 6.

- 1 STOP, poor sinner ! stop and think,
 Before you farther go ;
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting woe ?
 All your sins will round you crowd,
 Sins of a blood-crimson dye ;
 Each for vengeance crying loud ;
 And what can you reply ?
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose ?
 Fear you not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes ?
 Can you stand in that dread day,
 When he judgment shall proclaim,

- And the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?
- 3 Though your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass:
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Though they now despise his grace,)
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face."
- 4 But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know:
Though his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow:
'Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come:
None who come shall be deny'd,
He says, "There still is room."

LXI. *Alarm to Sinners.* L. M.

- 1 SINNER! O why so thoughtless grown,
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams;
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Stay, sinner! on the gospel plains;
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold.

LXII. *Incarnation of Christ.* 7s.

- 1 HARK! the herald angels sing;
 "Glory to the new-born King!
 "Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 "God and sinners reconcil'd!"
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
- 3 [Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born, that men no more might die;
 Born, to raise the sons of earth,
 Born, to give them second birth.]
- 4 Come, Desire of nations, come!
 Fix in us thy humble home;
 Rise, the woman's promis'd Seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.
- 5 "Glory to the new-born King!"
 Let us all the anthem sing,
 "Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 "God and sinners reconcil'd!"

LXIII. *Incarnation of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 HARK! the glad sound, Messiah comes,
 The Saviour promis'd long!
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
 And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the pris'ners to release
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
 To clear the mental ray ;
 And on the eye oppress'd with night,
 To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure ;
 And, with the treasures of his grace,
 T' enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heav'n's eternal arch shall ring
 With thy beloved name.

LXIV. *The Sufferings of Christ.* L. M. D.

- 1 FLOW fast, my tears ; the cause is great ;
 This tribute claims an injur'd friend :
 One whom I long pursu'd with hate,
 And yet he lov'd me to the end.
 When death his terrors round me spread,
 And aim'd his arrows at my head,
 Christ interpos'd, the wound he bore,
 And bade the monster dare no more.
- 2 Fast flow my tears, yet faster flow,
 Stream copious as yon purple tide ;
 'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow,
 I urg'd the hand that pierc'd his side.
 Keen pangs and agonizing smart
 Oppress his soul, and rend his heart ;
 While justice, arm'd with pow'r divine,
 Pours on his head what's due to mine.
- 3 Fast, and yet faster flow my tears,
 Love breaks the heart and drains the eyes ;
 His visage marr'd, tow'rds heaven he rears,
 And, pleading for his murd'ers, dies !

My grief, no measure knows—nor end,
 Till he appears, the sinner's Friend !
 And gives me in a happy hour,
 To feel the risen Saviour's pow'r.

LXV. *The Sufferings of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 YE that pass by, behold the Man,
 The Man of grief condemn'd for you ;
 The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
 Weeping to Calvary pursue.
- 2 His sacred limbs, they stretch—they tear,
 With nails they fasten to the wood—
 His sacred limbs—exposed and bare,
 Or only cover'd with his blood.
- 3 See there ! his temples crown'd with thorns,
 His bleeding hands extended wide ;
 His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
 The fountain gushing from his side.
- 4 Thou dear, thou suff'ring Son of God !
 How doth thy heart to sinners move !
 Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
 And melt us with thy dying love !
- 5 The earth could to her centre quake,
 Convuls'd, when her Creator died ;
 O may our inmost nature shake,
 And bow with Jesus crucify'd !
- 6 At thy last gasp, the graves display'd
 Their horrors to the upper skies ;
 O that our souls might burst the shade,
 And, quicken'd by thy death, arise !

- 7 The rocks could feel thy pow'rful death,
 And tremble, and asunder part;
 O rend, with thy expiring breath,
 The harder marble of our heart!

LXVI. *The Attraction of the Cross.* S.M.D.

- 1 BEHOLD the Prince of Life
 Nail'd to th' uplifted wood;
 His temples twin'd with rugged thorns,
 His body bath'd in blood!
 But from this dreadful scene
 What joys and glories rise!
 For by this cross shall sinners live,
 By this ascend the skies.
- 2 This cross a magnet proves,
 That shall attract mankind;
 Here God appears supremely just;
 And here supremely kind:
 When sceptres, crowns, and thrones,
 Melt in th' unbounded flame,
 Heav'n shall the wonders of the cross
 In endless praise proclaim.

LXVII. *The Atonement of Christ.* 10. 11.

- 1 ALL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh;
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
- 2 Our ransom and peace, our surety he is;
 Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his!
- 3 The Lord in the day of his anger did lay
 Oursins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.
- 4 He dies to atone for sins not his own:
 The Father has punish'd for us his dear Son.

- 5 O may we embrace the ransoming grace
Of him who has suffer'd and died in our
place.
- 6 With joy we approve the design of his love;
'Tis a wonder below, and a wonder above.
- 7 He came from above our curse to remove;
He has lov'd, he has lov'd us, because he
would love.
- 8 When time is no more, we still shall adore
That ocean of love without bottom or shore.

LXVIII. *The Sacrifice of Christ.* L.M.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, sinners, arise!
And view the bleeding sacrifice;
Each purple drop proclaims there's room,
And bids the poor and needy come.
- 2 Beneath his people's crimes he stood,
Sign'd their acquittances in blood;
Herein God's justice is pleas'd:
Sinners! look up, and be releas'd.
- 3 Mercy, truth, peace, and righteousness,
Beam from the Reconciler's face;
Here look till love dissolve your heart,
And bid your slavish fears depart.
- 4 O! quit the world's delusive charms,
And quickly fly to Jesu's arms:
Wrestle until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

LXIX. *Pleading the Atonement.* 7s.

- 1 FATHER! God! who seest in me
Only sin and misery,

Turn to thine anointed one,
 Look on thy beloved Son :
 Him, and then the sinner see ;
 Look through Jesu's wounds on me !

2 Turn from me thy glorious eyes
 To this bloody sacrifice,
 To the full atonement made,
 To the utmost ransom paid ;
 And, if mine, through him, thou art,
 Speak thy mercy to my heart.

3 Father ! see the victim slain,
 Offer'd up for guilty man ;
 Hear his blood's prevailing cry ;
 Let thy bowels then reply !
 Then, through him, the sinner see ;
 Then, in Jesus, look on me !

LXX. *Hailing the Atoning Saviour.* 8. 7.

1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus !
 Hail, thou Galilean King !
 Who did'st suffer to release us,
 Who did'st free salvation bring !
 Hail, thou precious, precious Saviour !
 Who hast borne our sin and shame,
 By whose merit we find favour,
 Life is given through thy name !

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins were on thee laid ;
 By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made :
 Ev'ry sin may be forgiven,
 Through the virtue of thy blood !

Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God !

- 3 Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide,
All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side :
There for sinners thou art pleading,
"Spare them yet another year ;"
Thou for saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, pow'r, and blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive,
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give :
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Jesu's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

LXXI. *Ransom of Christ.* 8s.

- 1 SAY, where's thy hope ? thou sinner, say,
Look ev'ry where, and ask around ;
Who all the mighty debt can pay ;
Can a fit ransom e'er be found ?
Yes, Lord, before I drew my breath,
The Lamb for me had suffer'd death !
- 2 Far, far away, must Satan fly,
Nor think me captive to detain ;
For Jesus, when he deign'd to die,
My bondage broke, and burst my chain ;
And, conqu'ror in the dreadful fight,
My soul from thence becomes his right.

- 3 Take thou possession of my heart,
 Jesu, and make me live to thee;
 With thee let nothing claim a part,
 But thou my all for ever be!
 And give me, with thy saints above,
 All joy in thee, thou God of love!

LXXII. *The Resurrection of Christ.* 8.8.7.

- 1 UPRISING from the darksome tomb,
 See the victorious Jesus come!
 Th' almighty pris'ner quits the pris'n,
 And angels tell the Lord is ris'n.
 Angels, angels, angels, angels, angels tell
 the Lord is ris'n.
- 2 Ye guilty souls that groan and grieve,
 Hear the glad tidings, hear and live:
 God's righteous law is satisfy'd,
 And justice now is on your side.
 Justice, justice, &c.
- 3 Your surety, thus releas'd by God,
 Pleads the rich ransom of his blood:
 No new demand, no bar remains;
 But mercy now triumphant reigns.
 Mercy, mercy, &c.
- 4 Believers, hail your rising Head!
 The first-begotten from the dead,
 Your resurrection's sure, through his,
 To endless life and boundless bliss.
 Endless, endless, &c.

LXXIII. *The Resurrection of Christ.* L.M.

- 1 WHEN I the holy grave survey,
 Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie;

- I see fulfill'd what prophets say,
And all the pow'r of death defy.
- 2 This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death:
Sweet pledge that all who trust his name
Shall rise and draw immortal breath!
- 3 [Our Surety, freed, declares us free,
For whose offences he was seiz'd:
In his release our own we see,
And shout to see Jehovah pleas'd!]
- 4 Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more;
And ever lives, their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.
- 5 Thy risen Lord, my soul, behold!
See the rich diadem he wears!
Thou too shalt bear a harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.
- 6 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

LXXIV. *The Ascension of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay—
“Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates:
“Ye everlasting doors, give way!”

- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;—
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 “Who is the King of Glory, who?”
The Lord that all his foes o’ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o’erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqu’ror’s name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay —
“Lift up your heads, ye heav’nly gates!
“Ye everlasting doors, give way!
- 6 “Who is the King of Glory, who?”
The Lord of boundless pow’r possess’d,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest!

LXXV. *The Ascension of Christ.* 10s.

- 1 FROM heav’n, the loud, th’ angelic song
began;
It shook the skies, and reach’d astonish’d man:
By man re-echo’d, it shall mount again,
Whilst fragrant odours fill the blissful plain.

L. M.

- 2 Worthy the Lamb, of boundless sway,
In earth and heav’n the Lord of all;
Ye princes, rulers, pow’rs, obey!
And low before his footstool fall.
- 3 The deed was done; the Lamb was slain;
The groaning earth the burden bore:—
He rose; he lives! he lives to reign;
Nor time shall shake his endless pow’r.

- 4 Riches, and all that decks the great,
 From world's unnumber'd, hither bring:
 The tribute pour before his seat,
 And hail the triumphs of our King.
- 5 Wisdom and strength are his alone:
 He rais'd the top-stone, shouting "Grace!"
 Honour has built his lofty throne,
 And glory shines upon his face.
- 6 From heav'n, from earth, loud bursts of praise
 The mighty blessing shall proclaim:
 Blessings that earth to glory raise,
 The purchase of the wounded Lamb.
- 7 Higher! still higher, swell the strain;
 Creation's voice the note prolong!
 The Lamb shall ever, ever reign:
 Let hallelujah crown the song!

LXXVI. *Christ Dying, Rising, &c.* L.M.D.

- 1 HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
 Come, saints! and drop a tear or two,
 For him who groan'd beneath your load;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood!
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of Glory dies for men!
 But, lo! what sudden joy we see;
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!
 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
 (The tomb in vain forbids his rise;)

Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns!
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
"Born to redeem; and strong to save:"
Then ask the monster—"Where's thy sting?
"And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

LXXVII. *The Coronation of Christ.* 8s.

- 1 SHALL loyal nations hail the day
That crowns their king, with loud acclaim?
And shall not saints their homage pay,
To their beloved Saviour's name?
Ye saints, resound, in joyful strains,
Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns!
- 2 Jesus, who vanquish'd all your foes,
Who came to save, who reigns to bless;
From him your ev'ry comfort flows,
Life, liberty, and joy, and peace:
Resound, resound, in joyful strains,
Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns!
- 3 Yes, thou art worthy, dearest Lord,
Of universal, endless praise;
With ev'ry pow'r to be ador'd,
That men or angels e'er can raise:
Let heav'n and earth unite their strains,
Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns!
- 4 But earth nor heav'n can e'er proclaim
The boundless glories of their King;

- Yet must our hearts adore his name,
 Dear name, whence all our blessings spring:
 Resound, resound, in joyful strains,
 Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns !
- 5 How mean the tribute mortals pay,
 How cold the heart, how faint the tongue!
 But, Lord, thy coronation-day
 Shall tune a more exalted song:
 Resounding in immortal strains,
 Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns !
- 6 He comes ! he comes ! with triumph crown'd,
 In dazzling robes of light array'd ;
 Faith views the splendour dawning round,
 Earth's fairest lustre sinks in shade :
 Resound, resound, in joyful strains,
 Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns !

LXXVIII. *Christ on his Throne.* 10. 11.

- 1 How glorious the Lamb is seen on the throne!
 His labours are o'er, his conquests are won:
 A kingdom is given into the Lamb's hand,
 In earth and in heaven for ever to stand.
- 2 Ye sinners below, then trust in the Lord ;
 Look up to his arm, his honour, his word ;
 Athirst for his favour, his Godhead adore,
 Look up to your Saviour, and joy evermore !

LXXIX. *The Kingdom of Christ.* 6. 8.

- 1 REJOICE! the Lord is King,
 Your God and King adore ;
 Mortals give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore !
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
 Rejoice ! again I say, rejoice !

- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love :
When he had purg'd our stains
He took his seat above:
Lift up your heart, &c.
- 3 His Kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n :
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n :
Lift up your heart, &c.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet :
Lift up your heart, &c.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home!
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice ;
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice !

LXXX. *King Jesus adored.* 10. 11.

- 1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name :
The name, all victorious, of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all !
- 2 Salvation to God who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son :
Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the
Lamb.
- 3 Then let us adore, and give him his right ;
All glory, and pow'r, and wisdom and might ;

All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

LXXXI. *The Fulness of Christ.* 10. 11.

- 1 A FULNESS resides in Jesus our head,
And ever abides to answer our need;
The Father's good pleasure has laid up in
store
A plentiful treasure in him for the poor.
- 2 Whate'er be our wants we need not to fear;
Our num'rous complaints his mercy will hear;
His fulness shall yield us abundant supplies;
His power shall shield us when dangers arise.
- 3 Whatever distress awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace will Jesus bestow,
As still shall support us and silence our fear;
For nothing can hurt us when Jesus is near.
- 4 When troubles attend, or danger or strife,
His love will defend and guard us through
life;
And, when we are fainting and ready to die,
Whatever is wanting his hand will supply.

LXXXII. *The Intercession of Christ.* L.M.

- 1 HE lives! the great Redeemer lives,
(What joy the blest assurance gives!)
And now before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice arm'd with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts,
Above our fears, above our faults

- His pow'rful intercessions rise ;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In ev'ry dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their pow'r,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend—
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

LXXXIII. *The Intercession of Christ.* C.M.

- 1 AWAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
Th' ascended Saviour's love :
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.
- 2 With cries and tears he offer'd up
His humble suit below ;
But with authority he asks,
Enthron'd in glory now.
- 3 For all that come to God by him,
Salvation he demands ;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.
- 4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim :
" Father, I will that all my saints
" Be with me where I am :
- 5 " By their salvation, recompence
" The sorrows I endur'd ;
" Just to the merits of thy Son,
" And faithful to thy word."

- 6 Eternal life, at his request,
 To ev'ry Saint is giv'n :
 Safety below, and, after death,
 The plentitude of heav'n.
- 7 [Founded on right, thy pray'r avails,
 The Father smiles on thee ;
 And now thou in thy kingdom art,
 Dear Lord, remember me.
- 8 Let the much incence of thy pray'r
 In my behalf ascend ;
 And as its virtue, so my praise,
 Shall never, never end.]

LXXXIV. *The Name of Jesus precious.* C.M.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear ;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,
 That earth and heav'n might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust ;
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish,
 In thee most richly meet ;
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
 And shed its fragrance there ;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
 With my last lab'ring breath ;

And, speechless, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

LXXXV. *The Name of Jesus precious.* C.M.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place ;
My never failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus ! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king ;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,—
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

LXXXVI. *The Name of Jesus precious.* C.M.

- 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb !
We love to hear of thee ;

No music like thy lovely name,
Does sound so sweet to me.

- 2 O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak !
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec !
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay ;
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Jesus be our song.

LXXXVII. *The Name of Jesus precious.* 6. 8.

- 1 LET earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind !
T' adore the great atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.
- 2 Jesus ! transporting sound,
The joy of earth and heav'n ;
No other help is found,
No other name is giv'n,
By which we can salvation have ;
But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 Jesus ! harmonious name !
It charms the hosts above ;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love :

'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heav'n to see our Jesu's face.

- 4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from guilt set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

LXXXVIII. *The Captain of our Salvation.* L. M.

- 1 CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,
Display thy glorious banner high;
The summons send from coast to coast,
And call a num'rous army nigh.
- 2 A solemn jubilee proclaim,
Proclaim the great sabbatic day;
Assert the glories of thy name,
Spoil Satan of his wish'd-for prey.
- 3 Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud
The peaceful blessings of thy reign;
And, when they speak of sprinkling blood,
The myst'ry to the heart explain.
- 4 Fight for thyself, O Jesus, fight,
The travail of thy soul regain;
Before the blind make darkness light,
And crooked paths do thou make plain.

LXXXIX. *The Consolation of Israel.* 8. 7.

- 1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:

Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the saints thou art;
 Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

- 2 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, and yet a king;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

XC. *The Fountain for Sin.* C.M.

- 1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy pow'r to save,

When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd,
(Unworthy though I be,)
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me!

7 'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by pow'r divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.

XCI. *The Fountain for Sin.* 10. 11.

1 THE fountain of Christ, Lord, help us to sing,
The blood of our priest, our crucify'd King;
The fountain that cleanses from sin and
from filth,
And richly dispenses salvation and health.

2 This fountain from guilt not only makes pure,
And gives soon as felt infallible cure;
But if guilt remov'd return and remain,
Its pow'r may be prov'd again and again.

3 This fountain unseal'd stands open for all
Whom long to be heal'd, the great and the small:
Here's strength for the weakly that hither
are led;
Here's health for the sickly, and life for the
dead.

4 This fountain though rich, from charge is
quite clear,
The poorer the wretch, the welcomer here:
Come needy and guilty, come loathsome
and bare;
Though lep'rous and filthy, come just as
you are.

- 5 This fountain in vain has never been try'd,
 It takes out all stain whenever apply'd:
 The fountain flows sweetly with virtue
 divine,
 To cleanse souls completely, though
 lep'rous as mine.

XCII. *The Best Friend.* 8. 7. 7.

- 1 ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of friend ;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end:
 They who once his kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love !
- 2 Which of all our friends to save us,
 Could, or would have shed their blood !
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconcil'd in him to God:
 This was boundless love indeed ;
 Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name ;
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same :
 Still he calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.
- 4 O ! for grace our hearts to soften !
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
 We alas ! forget too often
 What a friend we have above ;
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We will love thee as we ought.

XCIII. *The Best Friend.* L. M.

- 1 POOR, weak, and worthless though I am,
I have a rich almighty friend :
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his pow'r my fears controll'd
He found me wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with him above the skies :—
O ! what a friend is Christ to me !
- 4 But ah ! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns :
I've been a faithless friend to him.
- 5 Often my gracious friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey ;
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my friend can say.
- 6 Sure were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my friend requite !
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

XCIV. *The Hiding-Place.* L. M.

- 1 HAIL sov'reign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man !
Hail ! matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.

- 2 Against the God who rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despis'd the mention of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 3 Enwrap'd in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding-place.
- 4 But thus th' eternal counsel ran :
" Almighty love arrest that man !"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.
- 5 Indignant justice stood in view ;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;
But justice cry'd, with frowning face,
" This mountain is no hiding-place."
- 6 Ere long, a heav'nly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel form appear'd :
She led me on, with placid pace,
To Jesus as my hiding-place.
- 7 Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole ;
No flaming bolt could daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding-place.
- 8 On him almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell :
He bore it for the chosen race,
And thus became their hiding-place.
- 9 A few more rolling suns, at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast ;
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

xcv. *Head of the Church.* C. M.

- 1 JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thine own;
Gives me, among thy saints, a place
To make thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to thee, our vital head,
We act, and grow, and thrive;
From thee divided, each is dead,
When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord:
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.
- 4 O may my faith each hour derive
Thy Spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.
- 5 Thou the whole body wilt present
Before thy Father's face;
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace.

xcvi. *The Lord that Healeth.* C. M.

- 1 HEAL us, Immanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
Deep wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.
- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the less?
Be that far from thee Lord!—

- 3 Remember him who once apply'd
With trembling for relief;
"Lord I believe," with tears he cry'd,
"O help my unbelief."
- 4 She too, who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer'd; "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith has made thee whole."
- 5 Conceal'd amid the gath'ring throng,
She would have shunn'd thy view;
And, if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.
- 6 Like her, with hopes and fears, we come,
To touch thee if we may:
O send us not despairing home!
Send none unheal'd away.

xcvii. *Lord of All.* C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the pow'r of Jesu's name,
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 2 Let high born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it, fall
Before his face who tunes the choir,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 3 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who form'd this fleeting ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
'And crown him—Lord of all.
- 4 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from the altar call;

- Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
Hail him who sav'd you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 6 Sinners whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 7 Let ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue,
On this terrestrial ball,
Loud swell the universal song,
And crown him—Lord of all.

XCVIII. *Life of the Soul.* L. M.

- 1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fix'd on thy everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and sky?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives,
Here let me build, and rest secure.
- 4 Here, let my faith unshaken dwell,
Immoveable the promise stands;
Nor all the pow'rs of earth and hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose:
If Jesus is for ever mine,

Not death itself, that last of foes,
Shall break a union so divine.

XCIX. *The True Light.* 8. 7.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come! and thy dear self revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heav'n and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes!

2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Ev'ry poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifest the favour
Thou hast for the ransom'd race;
Come, thou dear exalted Saviour,
Come and bring thy gospel grace.

3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation;
Give the pardon of our sins;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Ev'ry burden'd soul release;
By the influence of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

c. *Messenger of the Covenant.* C. M.

1 JESUS, commission'd from above,
Descends to men below,
And shews from whence the springs of love,
In endless currents flow.

- 2 He whom the boundless heav'n adores,
 Whom angels long to see,
 Quitted with joy those blissful shores,
 Ambassador to me!
- 3 To me, a worm, a sinful clod,
 A rebel, all forlorn:
 A foe, a traitor to my God,
 And of a traitor born:
- 4 To me, who never sought his grace,
 Who mock'd his sacred word;
 Who never knew, or lov'd his face,
 And all his will abhorr'd:
- 5 To me, who could not even praise,
 When his kind heart I knew!
 But sought a thousand devious ways,
 Rather than keep the true.
- 6 Yet this redeeming angel came,
 So vile a worm to bless;
 He took with gladness all my blame,
 And gave his righteousness.
- 7 O that my languid heart might glow,
 With ardour all divine!
 And for more love than seraphs know,
 Like burning seraphs shine!

CI. *Physician of Souls.* C. M.

- 1 PHYSICIAN of my sin-sick soul,
 To thee I bring my case;
 My raging malady controul,
 And heal me by thy grace.
- 2 Pity the anguish I endure,
 See how I mourn and pine;

For never can I hope a cure
From any hand but thine.

- 3 I would disclose my whole complaint,
But where shall I begin?
No words of mine can fully paint
That worst distemper, sin.
- 4 Lord, I am sick, regard my cry,
And set my spirit free;
The virtue of thy blood apply,
And let me live to thee.

CII. *Rain, or Dew.* L. M.

- 1 As show'rs on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his blessings down,
Crown'd with whose life-infusing drops
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.
- 2 Lands that beneath a burning sky,
Have long been desolate and dry,
Th' effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden greens and herbage wear.
- 3 The dews and rains, in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.
- 4 As in soft silence vernal show'rs
Descend and cheer the fainting flow'rs,
So in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.
- 5 That heav'nly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind;
While ev'ry grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

- 6 Nor let these blessings be confin'd
 To me, but pour'd on all mankind,
 Till earth's wide wastes in verdure rise,
 And a young Eden bless our eyes.

CIII. *The Refuge.* C. M.

- 1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
 On thee, when sorrows rise,
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For ev'ry pain I feel.
- 3 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 And shall I seek in vain?
 And can the ear of sov'reign grace
 Be deaf when I complain?
- 4 No; still the ear of sov'reign grace
 Attends the mourner's pray'r:
 O may I ever find access
 To breathe my sorrows there.
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
 Here let my soul retreat;
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet.

CIV. *The Rock of Ages.* 7s.

- 1 ROCK of Ages, shelter me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!
 Let the water and the blood
 From thy wounded side which flow'd,

- Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
- 2 Not the labour of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands:
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to thee for grace;
 Back, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eye-strings break in death;
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,
 Rock of Ages, shelter me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!

CV. *The Only Saviour.* L. M.

- 1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
 Whence all our hopes and comforts flow,
 Jesus, no other name but thine
 Can save us from eternal woe.
- 2 In vain would boasting reason find
 The way to happiness and God;
 Her weak directions leave the mind
 Bewilder'd in a dubious road.
- 3 No other name will heav'n approve;
 Thou art the true, the living way,

(Ordain'd by everlasting love,) To the bright realms of endless day.

- 4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heav'nly path depart;
O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide,
Direct our steps and cheer our heart.
- 5 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains:
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

CVI. *The Only Saviour.* 8. 8. 6.

- 1 HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucify'd,
And build on him alone:
For no foundation is there giv'n,
On which I'd place my hopes of heav'n,
But Christ the corner-stone.
- 2 Possessing Christ, I all possess;
Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness,
And sanctity complete.
Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh
Before the Ruler of the sky,
And all his justice meet.

CVII. *The Shepherd of Israel.* 8s.

- 1 THOU Shepherd of Isr'el divine,
The joy of the contrite in heart;
For closer communion they pine,
Still to reside where thou art.
The pasture, O! when shall we find,
Where all who their shepherd obey

Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
Are screen'd from the heat of the day !

2 Ah ! shew us that happiest place,
That place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd God !
Thy love for lost sinners declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree,
Our spirits to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only we'd covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the Rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast :
'Tis there we would always abide,
And never a moment depart ;
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

CVIII. *The Song of Heaven.* 8s.

1 HARK ! how the heav'ns with praises ring,
From ev'ry ransom'd soul above ;
Sweet songs of praise address their King,
Harmonious, melting strains of love !
Each, with transporting ecstasy,
Sings, " Jesus liv'd and died for me."

2 That blessed one who fills the throne,
And shines with perfect splendour now,
Whom majesty and light adorn,
And seraphs at his footstool bow—
That glorious Jesus whom I see,
Stoop'd down to earth and died for me.

- 3 'Tis he who fills all heav'n with joys,
 And smiles eternal spring around ;
 Who ev'ry heav'nly mind employs,
 And blesses all the happy ground ;
 Who came from heav'n my soul to free,
 Bow'd his dear head and died for me.
- 4 O! how I love that glorious Lord,
 Whose beauties charm my ravish'd heart;
 Worthy to be belov'd, ador'd,
 Is he who bore for me such smart:
 That I might have felicity,
 He groan'd, he bled, and died for me.
- 5 For ever shall thy deathless fame,
 O Jesus, from my harp resound;
 While heav'n shall echo back thy name,
 Unto creation's utmost bound:
 Eternal years my theme shall be,
 "My Jesus liv'd and died for me."

CIX. *The Spirit or Soul of Prophecy.* 8s.

- 1 THE Bible is justly esteem'd
 The glory supreme of the land;
 Which shews how a sinner's redeem'd,
 And brought to Jehovah's right hand.
 With pleasure we freely confess
 The Bible all books doth outshine;
 But Jesus, his person and grace,
 Affords it that lustre divine.
- 2 In ev'ry prophetic book
 Where God his decrees hath unseal'd,
 With joy we behold as we look,
 The wonderful Saviour reveal'd:

His glories project to the eye,
 And prove it was not his design,
 Those glories concealed should lie,
 But there in full majesty shine.

3 The first gracious promise to man,
 A blessed prediction appears;
 His work is the soul of the plan,
 And gives it the glory it wears:
 How cheering the truth must have been,
 That Jesus, the promised seed,
 Should triumph o'er Satan and sin,
 And hell in captivity lead!

4 The ancient Levitical law
 Was prophecy after its kind;
 In types there the faithful foresaw
 The Saviour that ransom'd mankind:
 The Altar, the Lamb, and the Priest,
 The blood that was sprinkled of old,
 Had life, when the people could taste
 The blessings those shadows foretold.

5 Review the prophetical songs,
 Which shine in prediction's rich train;
 The sweetness to Jesus belongs,
 And points out his suff'rings and reign:
 Sure David his harp never strung
 With more of true sacred delight,
 Than when of the Saviour he sung,
 And he was reveal'd to his sight.

6 May Jesus more precious become—
 His word be a lamp to our feet,
 While we in this wilderness roam,
 And till in his presence we meet!

Then, will we gaze on thy face,
 Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King ;
 Recount all thy wonders of grace,
 Thy praises eternally sing.

CX. *The Substance of the Ceremonies.* 6.8.

- 1 ISR'EL in ancient days
 Not only had a view
 Of Sinai in a blaze,
 But learn'd the gospel too :
 The types and figures were a glass,
 In which they saw the Saviour's face.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice,
 And blood-besprinkled door,
 Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
 And once apply'd with pow'r
 Would teach the need of other blood,
 To reconcile an angry God.
- 3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
 His perfect innocence
 Whose blood of matchless worth
 Should be the soul's defence ;
 For he who can for sin atone,
 Must have no failings of his own.
- 4 The scape-goat on his head
 The people's trespass bore,
 And to the desert led,
 Was to be seen no more ;
 In him our surety seem'd to say,
 " Behold I bear your sins away."
- 5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
 The living bird went free ;

His glories project to the eye,
 And prove it was not his design,
 Those glories concealed should lie,
 But there in full majesty shine.

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 And to the desert led,
 Was to be seen no more ;
 In him our surety seem'd to say,
 " Behold I bear your sins away."
- 5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
 The living bird went free ;

The type well understood,
Express'd the sinner's plea—
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

- 6 Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in ev'ry age !
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

CXI. *The True Vine.* C. M.

- 1 JESUS, immutably the same,
Thou true and living vine,
Around thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.
- 2 Quicken'd by thee and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit ;
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigour from thy root.
- 3 I can do nothing without thee
My strength is wholly thine ;
Wither'd and barren should I be,
If sever'd from the vine.
- 4 Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
Refreshing dew shall drop ;
The plant which thy right hand hath set,
Shall ne'er be rooted up.
- 5 Each moment, water'd by thy care,
And fenc'd with pow'r divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear,
The feeblest branch of thine.

CXII. *The True Way.* L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment,
The king's high-way of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourn'd, because I found it not ;
My grief a burden long had been,
Oppress'd with unbelief and sin.
- 4 The more I strove against their pow'r
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am :
Nothing but sin I thee can give ;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God !"

CXIII. *Christ All in all.* 8s.

- 1 THOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine ;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if thou art mine :

And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

- 2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above ;
Comfort it brings, and pow'r, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love :
To me, with thy dear name, are giv'n
Pardon, and holiness, and heav'n.
- 3 Jesu, my all in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
The med'cine of my broken heart,
In war my peace, in loss my gain :
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
In shame, my glory and my crown.
- 4 In want, my plentiful supply ;
In weakness, my almighty pow'r ;
In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
My light in Satan's darkest hour ;
In grief, my joy unspeakable :
My life in death, my heav'n in hell.

CXIV. *Christ All in all.* 8. 7.

- 1 LAMB of God ! we fall before thee,
Humbly trusting in thy cross ;
That alone be all our glory,
All things else are dung and dross :
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only source of all that's good :
Ev'ry grace, and ev'ry favour,
Comes to us through Jesu's blood,
- 2 Jesus gives us true repentance,
By his Spirit sent from heav'n ;

Jesus whispers this sweet sentence,
 "Son ! thy sins are all forgiv'n."
 Faith he gives us to believe it,
 Grateful hearts his love to prize :
 Want we wisdom ? he must give it,
 Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

3 Jesus gives us pure affections,
 Wills to do what he requires ;
 Makes us follow his directions,
 And what he commands, inspires :
 All our pray'rs and all our praises,
 Rightly offer'd in his name,
 He that dictates them is Jesus ;
 He that answers, is the same.

4 When we live on Jesu's merit,
 Then we worship God aright :
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
 Then we savingly unite.
 This the whole conclusion of it,
 Great or good whate'er we call ;
 God or King, or Priest or Prophet,
 JESUS CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL.

CXV. *Christ All in all.* L. M.

1 IN Christ my treasure's all contain'd ;
 By him my feeble soul's sustain'd ;
 From him I all things do receive ;
 Through him my soul does daily live.

2 With him I daily love to walk ;
 Of him my soul delights to talk ;
 On him I cast my ev'ry care ;
 Like him one day I shall appear.

- 3 Bless him, my soul, from day to day;
Trust him to bring thee on thy way;
Give him thy poor, weak, sinful heart;
With him, O never, never part.
- 4 Take him for strength and righteousness;
Make him thy refuge in distress;
Love him above all earthly joy,
And him in ev'ry thing employ.
- 5 Praise him in cheerful, grateful songs,
To him your highest praise belongs;
To him who does your heav'n prepare,
And him you'll praise for ever there.

CXVI. *Christ All in all.* 7s.

- 1 GENTLE Jesus, lovely Lamb,
Thine and only thine I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only thou possess the whole.
- 2 Thou my one thing needful be,
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me choose the better part,
Let me give thee all my heart.
- 3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain head of bliss,
Stoop to creature happiness!
- 4 Whom have I on earth below?
Only thee I'd wish to know:
Whom have I in heav'n but thee?
Thou art all in all to me.
- 5 All my treasure is above,
All my riches is thy love:

Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite! unsearchable!

- 6 Nothing else may I require,
Let me thee alone desire;
Pleas'd with what thy love provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.

CXVII. *Christ All in all.* C.M.

- 1 COMPAR'D with Christ, in all besides
No comeliness I see :
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.
- 2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey :
Thyself bestow; for thee alone,
My all in all, I pray.
- 3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than thyself I cannot crave,
And thou canst give no more.
- 4 Lov'd of my God, for him again
With love intense I'd burn :
Chosen of thee ere time began,
I'd choose thee in return.
- 5 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
O teach me to resign;
I'm rich, to all th' intents of bliss,
If thou, O God, art mine.

CXVIII. *To the Holy Spirit.* S. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise;

Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

- 2 Cheer our desponding hearts
With visitations sweet!
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 5 Shew us the sinner's friend
That rules the courts of bliss;
The Lord of Hosts, the mighty God,
Th' eternal Prince of Peace.
- 6 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
T' illuminate the soul;
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.

CXIX. *To the Holy Spirit.* 7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heav'n and love.
- 2 Speak thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burden'd sinner free;

Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

CXX. The Spirit's Influences desired. 8s.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, source of light !
Enliv'ning, consecrating fire,
Descend, and, with celestial heat,
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire :
Our souls refine, our dross consume !
Come, condescending Spirit, come !

2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
Of the pure flame which seraphs feel !
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still :
Come, vivifying Spirit, come,
And make our hearts thy constant home !

3 Let pure devotion's fervour rise !
Let ev'ry pious passion glow !
O let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below !
Come, condescending Spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home !

CXXI. *Entreating the Grieved Spirit.* L. M.

- 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done thee much despite,
 Cast not a sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been
 Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.
- 3 But, O ! the chief of sinners spare,
 In honour of my great High Priest ;
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear
 I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
 E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes ;
 Into thy rest of love receive,
 And bless me with a calm repose.
- 5 E'en now my weary soul release,
 And raise me by thy gracious hand ;
 Guide me into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promis'd land.

CXXII. *Pleading with the Spirit.* 8s.

- 1 COME, holy celestial Dove,
 And visit a sorrowful breast,
 My burden of guilt to remove,
 And bring me assurance and rest :
 Thou only hast power to relieve
 A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load,
 The sense of redemption to give,
 And sprinkle his heart with the blood.

- 2 With me if of old thou hast strove
 And kindly withheld me from sin,
 Resolv'd, by the force of thy love,
 My worthless affections to win—
 The work of thy mercy revive,
 Invincible mercy exert,
 And keep my weak graces alive,
 And set up thy rest in my heart.
- 3 Thy call if I ever have known,
 And sigh'd from myself to get free,
 And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
 And long'd to be happy in thee—
 Fulfil the imperfect desire,
 Thy peace to my conscience reveal;
 The sense of thy favour inspire,
 And give me my pardon to feel.
- 4 If when I have put thee to grief,
 And madly to folly return'd,
 Thy goodness hath been my relief,
 And lifted me up as I mourn'd—
 Most pitiful Spirit of grace,
 Relieve me again, and restore;
 My spirit in holiness raise,
 To fall and to grieve thee no more.
- 5 If now I lament after God,
 And pant for a drop of thy love;
 If Jesus has paid down his blood,
 To clear off my mortgage above—
 Come, heav'nly Comforter, come,
 Sweet witness of mercy divine!
 And make me thy permanent home,
 And seal me eternally thine.

CXXIII. *The Witness of the Spirit.* 8s.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,
Attest that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me, Lord, with fire,
Let no more doubt or cloud remain:
Give me the sense of sin forgiv'n,
Sweet foretaste of approaching heav'n.
- 2 O give th' indisputable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine;
That pow'rful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine:
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fulness of love, of heav'n, of God!

CXXIV. *The Properties of Faith.* S. M.

- 1 FAITH!—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd!
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God!
- 2 Jesus, it owns a king,
An all-atoning priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me.

CXXV. *Heavenly-mindedness.* L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesu's blood !
Are they not born to heav'nly joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly toys ?
- 2 Can laughter feed the immortal mind ?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play,
To wear out time, and waste the day ?
- 3 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honours of their birth ?
Shall they be fond of gay attire
Which children love, and fools admire ?
- 4 What if we wear the richest vest ?
Peacocks and flies are better drest :
This flesh with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.
- 5 Lord, raise our hearts and passions high'r,
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire ;
Then, with a heav'n-directed eye,
We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by.
- 6 We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do ;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promis'd in the skies.

CXXVI. *Heavenly-mindedness.* 6. 8.

- 1 LORD, let my spirit dwell
(Whilst I reside below)
Above this wretched world
Of misery and woe ;

So that its griefs may ne'er dismay,
Nor charms delude my heart away.

2 I take my happy rest
In thee, my God, alone,
And all my misery
I spread before thy throne ;
I groan and sigh, and long to see
My happy morn of liberty.

3 Conduct me safely home,
My Saviour and my God ;
Mercy is all I crave,
The merits of thy blood ;
Redemption full I only see,
Out of myself, alone in thee.

CXXVII. *Humility.* 7s.

1 LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be ;
Rooted in humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child ;
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.

CXXVIII. *Humility.* 8s.

JESUS, from my proud heart remove
The bane of self-admiring love !
O make me feel and own with shame,
I less and worse than nothing am !
The least of saints, with pity, see ;
The chief of sinners save, in me !

CXXIX. *Spiritual Joy.* C. M.

- 1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace
Are found and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith—
A sense of pard'ning love—
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil—
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakably divine !
- 5 These are the joys that satisfy
And sanctify the mind :
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.
- 6 No more, believers mourn your lot,
But if you are the Lord's,
Resign to them that know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

CXXX. *Liberality.* L. M.

- 1 O WHAT stupendous mercy shines
Around the majesty of heav'n !
Rebels he deigns to call his sons,
Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiv'n.

- 2 Go, imitate the grace divine,
The grace that blazes like the sun;
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run.
- 3 Upon your bounty's willing wings,
Swift let the great salvation fly;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe,
To pain and sickness help apply.
- 4 Pity the weeping widow's woe,
And be her counsellor and stay;
Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
To useful, happy life his way.
- 5 Let age, with want and weakness bow'd,
Your bowels of compassion move;
Let e'en your enemies be blest,
Their hatred recompens'd with love.
- 6 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn;
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

CXXXI. *Liberality.* L. M.

- 1 THE Lord, who rules the world's affairs,
For me a well-spread board prepares;
My grateful thanks to him shall rise,
He knows my wants, those wants supplies.
- 2 And shall I grudge to give his poor
A mite from all my gen'rous store?
No, Lord! the friends of thine and thee,
Shall always find a friend in me.

CXXXII. *Brotherly Love.* C. M.

- 1 GIVER of concord, Prince of Peace,
Meek, lamb-like Son of God!
Bid our unruly passions cease,
O quench them with thy blood!
- 2 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts,
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
Let love command our hearts.
- 3 Who would not now pursue the way
Where Jesu's footsteps shine!
Who would not own the pleasing sway
Of charity divine!
- 4 O let us find the ancient way
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force a frowning world to say,
See how these Christians love!

CXXXIII. *Brotherly Love.* S. M.

- 1 Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy and ill-will
Be banish'd far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.

- 4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And ev'ry heart is love.

CXXXIV *Christian Patience.* L. M.

- 1 DEAR Lord, though bitter is the cup,
 Thy gracious hand deals out to me;
 I cheerfully would drink it up;—
 That cannot hurt which comes from thee.
- 2 Dash it with thine unchanging love,
 Let not a drop of wrath be there:
 The saints for ever blest above,
 Were often most afflicted here.
- 3 From Jesus, thy incarnate Son,
 I'll learn obedience to thy will;
 And humbly kiss the chast'ning rod,
 When its severest strokes I feel.

CXXXV. *Resignation desired.* C. M.

- 1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command
 Whose love forbids my fears?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield,
 What most I prize to thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Nor will withhold from me.

- 4 Thy favour all my journey through,
 Thou art engag'd to grant;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
 Shall I resist them both?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the moth!
- 6 But, ah! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway;
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
 Drives all these thoughts away.

CXXXVI. *Resignation desired.* 7s.

- 1 WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
 Totally resign'd to thee!
 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
 Only in thy wisdom wise;
 Only guided by thy light,
 Only mighty in thy might!
- 2 Fain I would my all resign,
 Gladly lose my will in thine;
 Careless be of things below,
 Thee alone content to know;
 Simple, innocent, and free,
 Seeking all my bliss in thee.
- 3 Into sweet subjection brought,
 Captivate my ev'ry thought;
 Let me to thy goodness leave
 When and what thou art to give;
 All thy works to thee are known,
 Let thy blessed will be done.

- 4 As thou wilt, dispose of me,
 Only make me one with thee;
 Make me in my life express
 All the heights of holiness;
 Sweetly in my spirit prove,
 All the depths of humble love!

CXXXVII. *Repentance.* C. M.

- 1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
 A guilty rebel lies;
 And upwards to the mercy-seat,
 Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 O let not justice frown me thence;
 Stay, stay the vengeful storm;
 Forbid it that Omnipotence
 Should crush a feeble worm.
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
 To pay the debt I owe,
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes
 In ceaseless torrents flow:
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
 To expiate my guilt:
 No tears but those which thou hast shed,
 No blood but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
 And all my sins forgive:
 Justice will well approve the word,
 That bids the sinner live.

CXXXVIII. *The Contrite Heart.* C. M.

- 1 THE Lord will happiness divine
 On contrite hearts bestow;

Then tell me, gracious God! is mine
A contrite heart or no?

- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of pray'r;
I sometimes go where others go,
But find no comfort there.
- 6 O make this heart rejoice or ache,
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

CXXXIX. *The broken Heart and bleeding
Saviour.* S. M.

- 1 UNTO thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?
- 2 To Christ the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs its eyes;

Thou may'st reject that worthless thing,
But not his sacrifice.

- 3 When he gave up the Ghost,
The law was satisfy'd;
And now, to its most rig'rous claims,
I answer, "Jesus died."

CXL. *Leaving all for Christ.* C. M.

- 1 AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain,
Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compar'd with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair.
- 4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

CXLI. *Holy Zeal.* C. M.

- 1 WHILE carnal men, with all their might,
Earth's vanities pursue,
How slow th' advances which I make,
With heav'n itself in view!
- 2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal,
Great God, my love inflame;

Religion, without zeal and love,
Is but an empty name.

- 3 To gain the top of Zion's hill,
May I with fervour strive;
And all these pow'rs employ for thee,
Which I from thee derive!

CXLII. *The Christian Life a paradox.* 11.9.

- 1 How strange is the course that a Christian
must steer!
How perplex'd is the path he must tread!
The hope of his happiness rises from fear,
And his life he receives from the dead.
- 2 His fairest pretensions must wholly be wav'd,
And his best resolutions be cross'd;
Nor can he expect to be perfectly sav'd,
Till he find himself utterly lost.
- 3 When all this is done, and his heart is assur'd
Of the total remission of sins;
When his pardon is sign'd, and his peace
is procur'd,
From that moment his conflict begins.

CXLIII. *The Christian Pilgrim.* 8.8.6.

- 1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from anxious care and thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul on earth disdains to dwell,
He only sojourns here.
- 2 His happiness, in part is mine,
Already sav'd from self-design,
From ev'ry creature love!

Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,
 My soul is lighten'd of its load,
 And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
 And happiness beyond the view
 Of those who basely pant
 For things by nature felt and seen:
 Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
 I neither have nor want.

4 Nothing on earth I call my own,
 A stranger in the world unknown,
 I all their goods despise:
 I trample on their whole delight,
 And seek a country out of sight,
 A country in the skies.

5 There is my house and portion fair,
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home:
 For me my elder brethren stay,
 And angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come.

6 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
 I come to meet thee in the skies,
 And claim my heav'nly rest;
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
 Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 Receive me to thy breast!

CXLIV. *The Pilgrim's Prayer.* 8. 7. 4.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;

I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy pow'ful hand:
 Bread of heaven! bread of heav'n!
 Feed me now, and evermore.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliv'rer! strong Deliv'rer!
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me through the swelling torrent,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises, songs of praises,
 I will ever give to thee.

4 Musing on my habitation,
 Musing on my heav'nly home,
 Fills my soul with holy longing—
 Come, my Jesus, quickly come!
 O receive me! O receive me!
 Lord, I long to be with thee!

CXLV. *The Pilgrim's Song.* 7. 6.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things
 Tow'rd's heav'n, thy native place:
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away,
 To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun;
 Both speed them to their source:
 Thus a soul, new born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upwards tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon the Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies:
 Yet a season, and you know,
 Happy entrance will be giv'n;
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

CXLVI. *The Christian Race.* C. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
 And press with vigour on;
 A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all animating voice,
 That calls thee from on high;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Bless'd Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
 Have we our race begun;

And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet,
We'll lay our laurels down.

CXLVII. *The Christian Warfare.* 8s.

- 1 STRANGE and mysterious is my life,
What opposites I feel within!
A stable peace, a constant strife;
The rule of grace, the pow'r of sin :
Too often I am captive led,
Yet daily triumph in my head.
- 2 I prize the privilege of pray'r,
But oh! what backwardness to pray !
Though on the Lord I cast my care,
I feel its burden ev'ry day :
I seek his will in all I do,
Yet find my own is working too.
- 3 I call the promises my own,
And prize them more than mines of gold;
Yet, though their sweetness I have known,
They leave me unimpress'd and cold :
One hour upon the truth I feed,
The next I know not what I read.
- 4 I love the holy day of rest,
When Jesus meets his gather'd saints;
Sweet day, of all the week the best !
For its return my spirit pants :
Yet often, through my unbelief,
It proves a day of guilt and grief.
- 5 While on my Saviour I rely,
I know my foes shall lose their aim ;
And therefore dare their pow'r defy,
Assur'd of conquest through his name:

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 Nor stay in all their course;
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When Jesus meets his gather'd saints;
Sweet day, of all the week the best!
For its return my spirit pants:
Yet often, through my unbelief,
It proves a day of guilt and grief.
- 5 While on my Saviour I rely,
I know my foes shall lose their aim;
And therefore dare their pow'r defy,
Assur'd of conquest through his name:

But soon my confidence is slain,
And all my fears return again.

- 6 Thus diff'rent pow'rs within me strive,
And grace and sin by turns prevail;
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
And vict'ry hangs in doubtful scale:
But Jesus has his promise past,
That grace shall overcome at last.

CXLVIII. *The Christian Soldier.* C.M.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine

In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

CXLIX. *The Christian Soldier.* 6. 8.

- 1 By whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliath fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
No sword nor spear the stripling took,
But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'Twas Isr'el's God and King
Who sent him to the fight,
Who gave him strength to sling,
And skill to aim aright.
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.
- 3 Who order'd Gideon forth
To storm th' invader's camp,
With arms of little worth—
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the hosts were overthrown.
- 4 O! I have seen the day,
When, with a single word,
God helping me to say—
"My trust is in the Lord,"
My soul hath quell'd a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.
- 5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness, and pride,
How often do they steal
My weapon from my side!

Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's Friend,
Will help his servants to the end.

CL. *The Christian Traveller.* 8s.

- 1 STRANGERS and sojourners below,
We travel through this wilderness;
Seeking the promis'd rest to know,
In Christ the fountain of true bliss:
We seek a place beyond the skies,
An everlasting paradise.
- 2 In this pursuit we stand in need
Of daily fresh supplies of grace;
Our souls with manna Christ must feed,
While we his leading footsteps trace:
So shall each pilgrim gladly move
Onward unto his home above.
- 3 No earthly bliss is worth our stay,
Or struggle for another breath;
These comforts vanish and decay,
And yield no solid joy in death:
While others vain delights pursue,
We taste God's love for ever new.
- 4 His cross inflicts the deadly blow,
And crucifies each rebel sin;
Peace, love, and joy hence richly flow,
And cause sweet melody within:
Dependant on the God of pow'r,
We glory in a suff'ring hour.
- 5 The new Jerusalem appears,
Her citizens resplendent shine;
For God hath wip'd away their tears,
And fill'd them with the life divine:

With them may we his glory see,
And praise him through eternity!

CLI. *Seeking a Better Country.* 5. 11.

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies :
Of heav'nly birth,
Though wand'ring on earth ;
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

2 At Jesus's call
We gave up our all ;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyment below :
No comfort we find,
In the country behind ;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above.

3 A country of joy,
Without any alloy,
We thither repair ;
Our heart and our treasure already are there :
Let's march hand in hand,
To Immanuel's land,
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near.

4 The rougher the way,
The shorter our stay ;
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home :

Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's Friend,
Will help his servants to the end.

CL. *The Christian Traveller.* 8s.

- 1 STRANGERS and sojourners below,
We travel through this wilderness;
Seeking the promis'd rest to know,
In Christ the fountain of true bliss:
We seek a place beyond the skies,
An everlasting paradise.
- 2 In this pursuit we stand in need
Of daily fresh supplies of grace;
Our souls with manna Christ must feed,
While we his leading footsteps trace:
So shall each pilgrim gladly move
Onward unto his home above.
- 3 No earthly bliss is worth our stay,
Or struggle for another breath;
These comforts vanish and decay,
And yield no solid joy in death:
While others vain delights pursue,
We taste God's love for ever new.
- 4 His cross inflicts the deadly blow,
And crucifies each rebel sin;
Peace, love, and joy hence richly flow,
And cause sweet melody within:
Dependant on the God of pow'r,
We glory in a suff'ring hour.
- 5 The new Jerusalem appears,
Her citizens resplendent shine;
For God hath wip'd away their tears,
And fill'd them with the life divine:

With them may we his glory see,
And praise him through eternity!

CLL. *Seeking a Better Country.* 5. 11.

- 1 COME, let us anew
 Our journey pursue,
 With vigour arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies :
 Of heav'nly birth,
 Though wand'ring on earth ;
 This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.
- 2 At Jesus's call
 We gave up our all ;
 And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyment below :
 No comfort we find,
 In the country behind ;
 But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above.
- 3 A country of joy,
 Without any alloy,
 We thither repair ;
Our heart and our treasure already are there :
 Let's march hand in hand,
 To Immanuel's land,
 No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near.
- 4 The rougher the way,
 The shorter our stay ;
 The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home :

The fiercer the blast,
 The sooner 'tis past;
 The tempests that rise
 Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.

CLII. *Rejoicing on the Way.* 7s.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod;
 They are happy now, and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
 You on Jesu's throne shall rest;
 There your seat is now prepar'd,
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land;
 Jesus Christ, the Father's Son,
 Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 5 Lord! submissive make us go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow thee!

CLIII. *Home in View.* L. M.

- 1 As when the weary trav'ller gains
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,
 His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
 He eyes his home, though distant still.

- 2 While he surveys the much-lov'd spot,
He slights the space that lies between;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.
- 3 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he shall wipe my tears away.
- 6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode;
Assur'd our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

CLIV. *The Christian Voyage.* 6. 8.

- 1 JESU, at thy command,
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep;
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.
- 2 What though the seas are broad,
What though the waves are strong,
What though tempestuous winds
Distress me all along;

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 The sooner 'tis past;
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And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.
- 2 What though the seas are broad,
What though the waves are strong,
What though tempestuous winds
Distress me all along;

Yet what are seas, or stormy winds,
Compar'd to Christ, the sinner's friend!

- 3 Christ is my Pilot wise,
My compass is his word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord:
I trust his faithfulness and pow'r
To save me in the trying hour.
- 4 By faith I see the land,
The hav'n of endless rest;
My soul, thy wings expand,
And fly to Jesu's breast!
O! may I reach the heav'nly shore,
Where winds and seas distress no more.
- 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And all my storms subside,
Then to my succour fly,
And keep me near thy side;
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come, heav'nly wind, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace,
To waft from all below
To heav'n, my destin'd place:
Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

CLV. *Looking upwards in a Storm.* L.M.

- 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

- 2 O Lord ! the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Control the waves—say "Peace; be still!"
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of ev'ry shape and name
Attend the follow'rs of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Though tempest toss'd and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main,
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

CLVI. *Asking the way to Zion* C. M.

- 1 INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill;
And thither set your steady face,
With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.
- 3 O come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent pray'r.
- 4 O come, and join your souls to God
In everlasting bands,

Accept the blessings he bestows,
 With thankful hearts and hands.

CLVII. *A prayer for Seriousness.* 8.8.6.

- 1 THOU God of glorious majesty!
 To thee, against myself, to thee,
 A sinful worm, I cry:
 A half-awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner, born to die.
- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand.
 Yet how insensible!
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to yon heavenly place,
 Or—shuts me up in hell!
- 3 O God, my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And bid me, ere it be too late,
 Awake to righteousness.
- 4 Before me place, in bright array,
 The pomp of that tremendous day,
 When thou with clouds shalt come
 To judge the nations at thy bar;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful doom!
- 5 Be this my one great bus'ness here,
 With holy trembling, holy fear,
 To make my calling sure!

Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure !

- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above ;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

CLVIII. *Admiring Divine Patience.* 7s.

- 1 LORD, and am I yet alive ;
Not in torments, not in hell !
Still doth thy good Spirit strive,
With the chief of sinners dwell !
Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
Will not of thy love despair,
Still in spite of sin I rise,
Still to call thee mine I dare.
- 2 Turn aside, a sight t' admire,
I the living wonder am !
See a bush that burns with fire,
Unconsum'd amidst the flame !
See a stone that hangs in air !
See a spark in ocean dwell :
Kept alive with death so near,
I am, I am out of hell !
- 3 O the length of boundless love !
Jesu, Saviour, can it be !
All thy mercy's height I prove,
All its depth is seen in me !
O the miracle of grace !
Tell it out to sinners, tell !

Men and fiends, and angels, gaze—
I am, I am out of hell !

CLIX. *Convicted by the Law, but encouraged by the Gospel.* L. M.

- 1 HERE, Lord, my soul convicted stands
Of breaking all thy ten commands ;
And on me justly might'st thou pour
Thy wrath, in one eternal show'r.
- 2 But thanks to God, its loud alarms
Have warned me of approaching harms ;
And now, O Lord, my wants I see,
Lost and undone, I come to thee.
- 3 I see my fig-leaf righteousness
Can ne'er thy broken law redress ;
Yet, in thy gospel plan, I see
There's hope of pardon e'en for me.
- 4 Here I behold thy wonders, Lord,
How Christ hath to thy law restor'd
Those honours on th' atoning day,
Which guilty sinners took away.
- 5 Amazing wisdom, pow'r, and love,
Display'd to rebels from above !
Do thou, O Lord, my faith increase,
To love and trust thy plan of grace.

CLX. *A convinced Sinner pleading for Mercy.* 10s.

- 1 RIGHTEOUS art thou, O God, yet let me
plead,
Permit the vilest of the fallen race,
To tell his sin and bow his guilty head
Before thy mercy-seat, thy throne of grace.

- 2 As num'rous as the stars, or countless sands,
 My faults, backslidings, and transgressions
 are;
 Yet look upon my Saviour's bleeding hands,
 My pardon, Lord, my pardon's written there.
- 3 Bring not in judgment me, nor call to mind;
 Nor in the balances my doings weigh;
 But let me refuge in my Saviour find,
 And hide me in him at the awful day!
- 4 I blush as I approach thee, and confess
 My wicked life, my shame, and nakedness :
 A poorer, viler, sinner than I am
 Ne'er ask'd for mercy, nor implor'd thy name.
- 5 Yet, vile and filthy as I am, I come ;
 Thy gracious Spirit saith, "There still is room :"
 Through all my guilt I make this powerful plea,
 Our Saviour died to ransom such as me.
- 6 This makes me hope, yet makes my shame
 increase,
 How could I grieve such love, or friend like this !
 O! cover all my sins with thy long vest;
 I part confess, Lord, cover all the rest.

CLXI. *The Humble Publican.* L. M.

- 1 LORD, with a griev'd and aching heart,
 To thee I look—to thee I cry ;
 Supply my wants, and ease my smart,
 O help me soon, or else I die !
- 2 Here on my soul a burden lies,
 No human pow'r can it remove ;
 My num'rous sins like mountains rise,
 Do thou reveal thy pard'ning love.

- 3 Break off these adamantine chains,
From cruel bondage set me free!
Rescue from everlasting pains,
And bring me safe to heav'n and thee.

CLXII. *Satan repulsed or Despair prevented.* L.M.

- 1 'Tis false, thou vile accuser, go,
I see through all thy thin disguise—
Back to thy native realms below,
Thou parent of deceit and lies!
- 2 Think not to drive my trembling soul,
Laden with guilt, to black despair:
Hast thou survey'd the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?
- 3 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
To limit mercy's sov'reign reign!
What other happy souls have found;
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 I own my guilt, thy charge confess,
Nor can thy malice make it more;
Of crimes already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 5 Set the black list before my sight:
While I remember Jesus died,
'Twill only urge my speedier flight,
To seek salvation at his side.
- 6 Low at his feet I'll cast me down,
To him reveal my grief and fear;
Nor will he spurn me from his throne,
Nor shall I ever perish there.

CLXIII. *Despair Overcome.* L. M.

- 1 AND be it so, that till this hour,
We never knew what faith has meant;
And slaves to sin and Satan's pow'r,
Have never felt these hearts relent.
- 2 What shall we do? shall we lie down,
Sink in despair, and groan and die?
And, sunk beneath the Almighty's frown,
Not glance one cheerful hope on high?
- 3 Forbid it Saviour! to thy grace,
As sinners, strangers, we will come;
Among thy saints we ask a place,
For in thy mercy there is room.
- 4 Lord, we believe! O chase away
The gloomy clouds of unbelief!
Lord, we repent! O let thy ray
Dissolve our hearts in sacred grief.
- 5 Now spread the banner of thy love,
And let us know that we are thine!
Cheer us with blessings from above,—
With all the joys of hope divine!

CLXIV. *The convinced Sinner's Resolve.* 8.7.

- 1 SAVIOUR, canst thou love a traitor?
Canst thou love a child of wrath?
Can a hell-deserving creature
Be the purchase of thy death?
Is thy blood so efficacious,
As to make my nature clean?
Is thy sacrifice so precious,
As to free my soul from sin?

2 Sin on ev'ry hand surrounds me,
 No acquittance can I hear;
 Pangs of unbelief confound me,
 Oh! my grief I cannot bear:
 Here then is my resolution,
 At thy dearest feet to fall;
 Here I'll meet with condemnation,
 Or a freedom from my thrall.

3 Now deny thy grace and mercy,
 If thou canst, to wretched me;
 Lay aside thy love and pity,
 If thou canst, and let me die:
 If I meet with condemnation,
 Justly I deserve the same;
 If I meet with free salvation,
 I will magnify thy name.

CLXV. *The convinced Sinner looking to Christ.* 8s.

- 1 O THOU, of whom I oft have heard,
 (Heard with the hearing of the ear,)
 But never truly lov'd or fear'd,
 But never found thee present here;
 Come to my poor, my faithless heart,
 And kindly tell me who thou art!
- 2 No smallest motion can I make
 Tow'rd heav'n, and happiness, and thee;
 But save me for thy mercy's sake!
 Thy mercy, most divinely free,
 Be on this harden'd rebel show'd,
 In honour of the dying God.
- 3 Look not on me a beast, a fiend,
 All wrath, all passion, and all pride;

But see thyself, the sinner's friend,
 The Son of man, the crucify'd :
 The God that left his throne above,
 The bleeding Prince of Peace and love !

- 4 Thy only dying love I plead,
 Stronger than death thy love must be :
 If thou couldst suffer in my stead,
 Thou canst from sin and misery
 My poor expiring soul lift up,
 And bid the chief of sinners hope.

CLXVI. *Longing for Christ.* 7s.

- 1 GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
 My requests vouchsafe to hear ;
 Hear my never-ceasing cry,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 2 Wealth and honour I disdain,
 Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain ;
 These can never satisfy :
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
 Only ease me from my guilt ;
 Suppliant at thy feet I lie :
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 4 All unholy and unclean,
 I am nothing else but sin ;
 On thy mercy I rely :
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 5 Thou dost freely save the lost,
 In thy grace alone I trust ;
 With my earnest suit comply—
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

- 6 Thou dost promise to forgive,
 All who on thy Son believe ;
 Lord, I know thou canst not lie,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 7 Father, dost thou seem to frown ?
 Let me shelter in thy Son !
 Jesus, to thy arms I fly,
 Come and save me, or I die.

CLXVII. *Longing for Christ.* 8. 7.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heav'n, to earth come down—
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown !
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
 Into ev'ry troubled breast ;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest !
 Take away the love of sinning !
 Alpha and Omega be ;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive ;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave :
 Thee we would be always blessing ;
 Serve thee as thy hosts above ;

Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing;
 Glory in thy dying love.

- 4 Carry on thy new creation,
 Pure and holy may we be;
 Let us see our whole salvation,
 Perfectly secur'd by thee:
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CLXVIII. *Desiring a sense of Salvation.* C.M.

- 1 SALVATION! O melodious sound,
 To wretched dying men!
 Salvation, that from God proceeds,
 And leads to God again.
- 2 Rescu'd from hell's eternal gloom,
 From fiends, and fires, and chains;
 Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
 Where love triumphant reigns!
- 3 But, may a poor bewilder'd soul,
 Sinful and weak as mine,
 Presume to raise a trembling eye,
 To blessings so divine.
- 4 The lustre of so bright a bliss,
 My feeble heart o'erbears;
 And unbelief almost perverts
 The promise into tears.
- 5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
 These dying hopes can raise—
 Speak thy salvation to my soul,
 And turn my prayer to praise.

CLXIX. *Self-acquaintance.* L. M.

- 1 WHEN, daily, more and more I see
What secret evils work in me,
I more and more my Saviour prize,
Who still subdues them as they rise.
- 2 Once, had men said how bad I was,
How needy of thy blood and cross,
Sure I had thought they spoke untrue,
And judg'd of what they little knew.
- 3 But, oh! by thee convinc'd, I find
I'm miserable, poor, and blind;
Yea, enmity itself I am;
A sink of folly, sin, and shame.
- 4 Lord, I am sick; my sickness cure:
I want; do thou enrich the poor:
Under thy mighty hand I stoop;
O lift the abject sinner up.
- 5 Lord, I am blind, be thou my sight;
Lord, I am weak, be thou my might;
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee.

CLXX. *Vain Hopes discovered.* C. M.

- 1 How empty was our former boast,
Our foolishness of pride,
When in ourselves we put our trust,
And on our works rely'd!
- 2 Strong in the freedom of our will,
And in our nature's pow'rs,
We thought to climb the heav'nly hill,
And seize the crown as ours.

- 3 Our good desires, our hearts sincere,
 Our best endeavours stood
 T' atone for our transgressions here,
 In place of Jesu's blood.
- 4 Alas, for us! we knew not then
 His blood and righteousness;
 Through which alone the sons of men
 Are sav'd by richest grace.
- 5 But now, most gracious God, thy love
 Has taught us better things:
 Our all is given us from above;
 From thee salvation springs.
- 6 Freely thy grace delights to save,
 And ransoms without price,
 But only that which Jesus gave,
 Our bleeding sacrifice.
- 7 We own the sole procuring cause,
 That precious blood divine:
 May we, since Jesus died for us,
 May we live ever thine!

CLXXI. *The Change or Conversion.* 8. 8. 6.

- 1 WHEN, with my mind devoutly prest,
 Dear Saviour, my revolving breast,
 Would past offences trace,—
 Trembling, I make the black review,
 Yet, pleas'd, behold, with wonder too,
 The pow'r of changing grace.
- 2 This tongue, with blasphemies defil'd,
 These feet, to erring paths beguil'd,
 In heav'nly league agree;

Who could believe, such lips could praise,
Or think my dark and winding ways
Should e'er be turn'd to thee!

3 These eyes, that once abus'd their sight,
Now lift to thee their wat'ry light,
And weep a silent flood;
These hands ascend in fervent pray'r;
O wash away the stains they wear,
In pure redeeming blood!

4 These ears, that pleas'd could entertain
The midnight oath, the lustful strain,
When round the festal board—
Now, deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
And press to hear thy word.

5 Thus thou art serv'd in ev'ry part,
And now thou dost transform my heart,
That drossy thing refine:
Now grace doth nature's strength control,
And a new creature—body—soul,
Are, Lord, for ever thine!

CLXXII. *Legal Obedience followed by
Evangelical.* C. M.

1 No strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright;
And what she has, she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.

2 How long beneath the law I lay,
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success.

- 3 Then, to abstain from outward sin,
Was more than I could do ;
Now, if I feel its pow'r within,
I feel I hate it too.
- 4 Then, all my servile works were done,
A righteousness to raise ;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.
- 5 What shall I do, was then the word,
That I may worthier grow ?
What shall I render to the Lord ?
Is my enquiry now.
- 6 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pard'ning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

CLXXIII. *Renouncing the World.* 7s.

- 1 WORLD, adieu ! thou real cheat !
Oft have thy deceitful charms
Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
Foolish hopes, and false alarms:
Now, I see, as clear as day,
How thy follies pass away.
- 2 Vain thy entertaining sights,
False thy promises renew'd,
All the pomp of thy delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit for heav'n above,
Object of the noblest love.
- 3 Farewell honour's empty pride,
Thy uncertain, changing gust,

If the least mischance betide,
 Lays thee lower than the dust:
 Worldly honours end in gall,
 Rise to-day—to morrow fall.

- 4 Foolish vanity—farewell—
 More inconstant than the wave,
 Where thy soothing fancies dwell,
 Purest tempers they deprave;
 He, to whom I fly from thee,
 Jesus Christ, shall set me free.
- 5 Let not, Lord, my wand'ring mind
 Follow after fleeting toys;
 Since in thee alone I find
 Solid and substantial joys:
 Joys that, never over-past,
 Through eternity shall last.
- 6 Lord, how happy is the heart,
 After thee while it aspires!
 True and faithful as thou art,
 Thou shalt answer its desires:
 It shall see the glorious scene
 Of thine everlasting reign.

CLXXIV. *Renouncing the World.* 8.8.6.

- 1 TELL me no more of earthly toys,
 Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
 The things I lov'd before;
 Let me but view my Saviour's face,
 And feel his animating grace,
 And I desire no more.
- 2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth,
 Tell me no more of ease and health,
 For these have all their snares;

Let me but know my sins-forgiv'n,
 But see my name enroll'd in heav'n,
 And I am free from cares.

3 Tell me no more of lofty tow'rs,
 Delightful gardens, fragrant bow'rs,
 For these are trifling things;
 The little room for me design'd
 Will suit as well my easy mind,
 As palaces of kings.

4 Tell me no more of crowding guests,
 Of sumptuous feasts and gaudy dress,
 Extravagance and waste;
 My little table, only spread
 With wholesome herbs and wholesome bread,
 Will better suit my taste.

5 Give me the Bible in my hand,
 A heart to read and understand,
 And faith to trust the Lord:
 I'd sit alone from day to day,
 Or urge no company to stay,
 Nor wish to rove abroad.

CLXXV. *Panting after God.* 8s.

1 THOU hidden love of God whose height,
 Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows—
 I see from far thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for thy repose:
 My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
 At rest, till it find rest in thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
 That strives with thee my heart to share?

O! take it hence and reign alone,
 The Lord of ev'ry motion there:
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it has found repose in thee.

3 O! hide this self from me that I
 No more, but Christ in me may live!
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive:
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire or seek, but thee!

4 O love! thy sov'reign aid impart,
 To save me from low-thoughted care;
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there:
 Make me thy duteous child, that I
 Ceaseless, may Abba, Father, cry.

5 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
 Speak to my inmost soul and say,
 "I am thy love, thy God, thy all!"
 To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
 To taste thy love, be all my choice.

CLXXVI. *Glowing with Ambition.* C. M.

1 Now let a true ambition rise,
 And ardour fire our breast;
 To reign in worlds above the skies,
 In heav'nly glories drest.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
 A radiant crown display,
 Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
 While stars and suns decay.

- 3 Away, each grov'ling, anxious care,
 Beneath a Christian's thought;
 I spring to seize immortal joys,
 Which my Redeemer bought.
- 4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
 The glorious prize pursue;
 Nor shall ye want the goods of earth,
 While heav'n is kept in view.

CLXXVII. *Desiring the Heavenly Rest.* C. M.

- 1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
 (To all thy people known,)
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art lov'd alone.
- 2 Celestial Spirit, make me know
 That I shall enter in!
 Now, Saviour, now the pow'r bestow,
 And wash me from my sin!
- 3 Remove this hardness from my heart,
 This unbelief remove;
 To me the rest of faith impart,
 The sabbath of thy love.
- 4 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
 Into my soul descend;
 No longer from thy creature stay,
 My Author, and my End.

CLXXVIII. *Lamenting Sin.* S. M.

- 1 ASTONISH'D and distress'd,
 I turn my eyes within;
 I feel my heart with guilt oppress,
 The seat of ev'ry sin.

- 2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
 What vile affections there!
 Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
 Pride, envy, slavish fear.
- 3 Almighty King of saints!
 These tyrant lusts subdue;
 Expel the darkness of my mind,
 And all my pow'rs renew.
- 4 This done, my cheerful voice
 Shall loud hosannas raise;
 My soul shall glow with gratitude,
 My lips proclaim thy praise.

CLXXIX. *Lamenting Inability.* S. M.

- 1 I WOULD, but cannot sing,
 Guilt has untun'd my voice;
 The serpent, sin's envenom'd sting
 Has poison'd all my joys.
- 2 I know the Lord is nigh,
 And would, but cannot pray;
 For Satan meets me when I try,
 And frights my soul away.
- 3 I would but can't repent,
 Though I endeavour oft;
 This stony heart can ne'er relent,
 Till Jesus make it soft.
- 4 I would, but cannot love,
 Though woo'd by love divine;
 No arguments have pow'r to move,
 A soul so base as mine.
- 5 I would, but cannot rest,
 In God's most holy will!

I know what he appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

- 6 O could I but believe!
Then all would easy be;
I would, but cannot:—Lord relieve;
My help must come from thee!
- 7 But if indeed I would,
Though I can nothing do;
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.
- 8 By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour,
I was as destitute of will,
As now I am of pow'r.
- 9 Wilt thou not crown, at length,
The work thou hast begun,
And with a will afford me strength,
In all thy ways to run?

CLXXX. *Lamenting Inconstancy.* L. M.

- 1 THE wand'ring star and fleeting wind,
Both represent th' unstable mind;
The morning cloud and early dew,
Bring our inconstancy to view.
- 2 But cloud, and wind, and dew, and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are;
Nor can there aught in nature be,
So fickle and so false as we.
- 3 Our outward walk and inward frame,
Scarce through a single hour the same;
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then these very vows repeat.

4 We sin forsake, to sin return,
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn;
In deep distress, then raptures feel,
We soar to heav'n, then sink to hell.

5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unstedfastness;—
When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee?

CLXXXI. *Lamenting Pride.* S. M.

1 INNUMERABLE foes
Attack the child of God;
He feels within the weight of sin,
A grievous galling load!

2 But though the host of hell
Are neither weak nor small,
One mighty foe deals dang'rous woe,
And hurts beyond them all.

3 'Tis pride, accursed pride!
That sin by God abhorr'd;
Do what we will, it haunts us still,
And keeps us from the Lord.

4 It blows its pois'nous breath,
And bloats the soul with air;
The heart uplifts with God's own gifts
And makes e'en grace a snare.

5 'Tis hurtful when perceiv'd;
When not perceiv'd, 'tis worse:
Unseen, or seen, it dwells within,
And works by fraud or force.

6 Against its influence pray,
It mingles with the pray'r;

Against it preach, it prompts the speech;
Be silent, still 'tis there.

- 7 Thou meek and lowly Lamb!
This haughty tyrant kill
That wounded thee, though thou wast free
And grieves thy Spirit still.
- 8 Our condescending God!
(To whom else shall we go?)
Remove our pride, whate'er betide,
And lay, and keep us low.

CLXXXII. *Lamenting Hardness of Heart.* L. M

- 1 O! for a glance of heav'nly day,
To take this stubborn stone away,
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;
Of feeling, all things shew some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;—
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments, too, unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the deed,
And that dear something much I need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

- 6 Come then, dear Jesus, from above,
 With all thy quick'ning beams of love;
 Give but one look, that look of thine
 Shall melt this frozen heart of mine.

CLXXXIII. *The Mourner Pleading.* L. M.

- 1 GOD of my life, to thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail!
- 2 Friend of the friendless, and the faint!
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
 Where but with thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor!
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
 Does not the word still fix'd remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
 And he is safe, and must succeed
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

CLXXXIV. *Encouraged under dark
 Providences.* C. M.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,

- He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

CLXXXV. *Confiding in the Constancy
of God's Love.* C. M.

- 1 THE world can neither give nor take,
Nor can they comprehend,
That peace of God which Christ has bought,
That peace which knows no end.
- 2 The burning bush was not consum'd,
Whilst God remained there;
The three, when Jesus made the fourth,
Found fire as soft as air.
- 3 God's furnace does in Zion stand,
But Zion's God sits by :

As the refiner views his gold
With an observant eye.

- 4 His thoughts are high, his love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend;
And though he does not always smile,
He loves unto the end.
- 5 His love is constant as the sun,
Though clouds come oft between;
And, could my faith but pierce these clouds,
It might be always seen.
- 6 Yet I shall ever, ever sing,
And thou for ever shine;
I have thine own dear pledge for this,
Lord, thou art ever mine.

CLXXXVI. *Happy in sanctified Trials.* 7s.

- 1 'Tis my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loss;
Trials must and will befall,
But, with humble faith, to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.
- 2 God, in Isr'el, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil:
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way,
 Might I not, with reason, fear
 I should prove a cast-away?
 Bastards may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
 But the true-born child of God,
 Must not—would not, if he might.

CLXXXVII. *Supplies of Grace.* 7s.

- 1 SON of God! thy blessing grant,
 Still supply my ev'ry want:
 Tree of life, thine influence shed,
 With thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2 Tend'rest branch, alas! am I,
 Wither without thee, and die;
 Weak as helpless infancy—
 O confirm my soul in thee!
- 3 Unsustain'd by thee, I fall,
 Send the strength for which I call!
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help I ev'ry moment need!
- 4 All my hopes on thee depend,
 Love me, save me to the end!
 Give me the continuing grace—
 Take the everlasting praise.

CLXXXVIII. *Looking to Christ in Temptation.* 7s.

- 1 JESU, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high:

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide:
 O receive my soul at last!

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, O leave me not alone!
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All mine help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing!
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 Boundless love in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness!
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

CLXXXIX. *Looking to Christ in Temptation.* 8.7.

- 1 GOD of mercy and compassion!
 Look with pity on my pain;

Hear a mournful, broken spirit,
 Prostrate at thy feet complain :
 Many are my foes and mighty,
 Strength to conquer I have none ;
 Nothing can uphold my goings,
 But thy blessed self alone.

2 Saviour! look on thy beloved,
 Triumph over all my foes ;
 Turn to heav'nly joy my mourning,
 Turn to gladness all my woes ;
 Live or die, or work or suffer,
 Let my weary soul abide,
 In all changes whatsoever,
 Sure and stedfast by thy side.

3 When temptations fierce assault me,
 When my enemies I find,
 Sin and guilt, and death and Satan,
 All against my soul combin'd :—
 Hold me up in mighty waters,
 Keep mine eyes on things above—
 Righteousness, divine atonement,
 Peace, and everlasting love.

CXC. Looking to Christ in Trials. 7.6.

1 COME, my soul, before the Lamb,
 Fall and do him rev'rence ;
 Bless him for his blood and name,
 Sing his great deliv'rance.

2 Why should sorrow bow thee down,
 Trials or temptation ?
 Is not Christ upon the throne,
 Still thy strong salvation ?

- 3 Cast thy burdens on the Lord,
 Leave them with thy Saviour;
 He whose hands for thee were bor'd,
 Can and will deliver.
- 4 Turn thee to thy rest, my soul,
 Turn thee, and discover
 How he yet is merciful—
 Turn thee to thy lover.
- 5 Blush that thou hast him forgot,
 Who can happy make thee;
 Gaze upon him who thee bought,
 Till to heav'n he take thee.

CKCI. *Contemplating the Cross.* 8. 7.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend;
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying Friend:
 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie;
 While I see divine compassion,
 Floating in his languid eye:
 Here it is I find my heaven
 While upon the Lamb I gaze;
 Love I much? I've much forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe;

Constant still, in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death :
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go ;
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And himself more deeply know !

CXCII. *Glorying in the Cross of Christ.* L.M.

- 1 THE cross! the cross! O! that's my gain,
 Because on that the Lamb was slain ;
 'Twas there my Lord was crucify'd,
 'Twas there my Saviour for me died.
- 2 What wond'rous causes should move thy heart
 To take on thee my curse and smart ;
 Well knowing that my soul would be,
 So cold, so negligent of thee !
- 3 The cause was love—I sink with shame,
 Before my sacred Jesu's name,
 That thou shouldst bleed and slaughter'd be,
 Because—because thou lovedst me !

CXCIII. *The Heart melted by the Blood of Christ.* C. M. D.

- 1 Is there a thing that moves and breaks
 A heart as hard as stone,
 Or warms a heart as cold as ice?—
 'Tis Jesu's blood alone.
 One drop of this can truly cheer,
 And heal the wounded soul :
 What multitudes of broken hearts
 This living stream makes whole !

- 3 Cast thy burdens on the Lord,
 Leave them with thy Saviour;
 He whose hands for thee were bor'd,
 Can and will deliver.
- 4 Turn thee to thy rest, my soul,
 Turn thee, and discover
 How he yet is merciful—
 Turn thee to thy lover.
- 5 Blush that thou hast him forgot,
 Who can happy make thee;
 Gaze upon him who thee bought,
 Till to heav'n he take thee.

CCXI. *Contemplating the Cross.* 8. 7.

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 Which before the cross I spend;
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying Friend:
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 Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie;
 While I see divine compassion,
 Floating in his languid eye:
 Here it is I find my heaven
 While upon the Lamb I gaze;
 Love I much? I've much forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe;

Constant still, in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death :
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go;
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And himself more deeply know!

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- 2 What wond'rous causes should move thy heart
 To take on thee my curse and smart;
 Well knowing that my soul would be,
 So cold, so negligent of thee!
- 3 The cause was love—I sink with shame,
 Before my sacred Jesu's name,
 That thou shouldst bleed and slaughter'd be,
 Because—because thou lovedst me!

CXCIII. *The Heart melted by the Blood
 of Christ.* C. M. D.

- 1 Is there a thing that moves and breaks
 A heart as hard as stone,
 Or warms a heart as cold as ice?—
 'Tis Jesu's blood alone.
 One drop of this can truly cheer,
 And heal the wounded soul:
 What multitudes of broken hearts
 This living stream makes whole!

- 2 Hark, O my soul! what sing the choirs
 Around the glorious throne?
 Hark! the slain Lamb, for evermore,
 Sounds in the sweetest tone!
 The elders there cast down their crowns,
 And all, both night and day,
 Sing praise to him who shed his blood,
 And wash'd their guilt away.
- 3 And thus, while here, will we proclaim,
 Cheerful in our degree,
 That, through the blood of God's dear Lamb,
 Each soul may happy be.
 But thou, O Lord! make, ev'ry day,
 Thy grace to us more sweet,
 Till we behold thy wounded side,
 And worship at thy feet.

CXCIV. *The Heart melted by the
 Blood of Christ. 8. 7.*

- 1 NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,
 Can relieve us from our smart;
 Nothing else from guilt release us,
 Nothing else can melt the heart.
- 2 Law and terrors do but harden,
 All the while they work alone;
 But a sense of blood-bought pardon,
 Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

CXCV. *Coming to Christ by Faith. S.M.*

- 1 My Saviour, didst thou shed
 Thy precious blood for me?
 O dwell within my worthless heart,
 And let me live to thee!

- 2 Thou callest me, O Lord,
 To come to thee and live;
 I therefore come, with all my sins,
 I know thou canst forgive.
- 3 My Lord and Saviour dear!
 I long to see thy face;
 To know thee more and more by faith,
 And daily grow in grace.
- 4 And, when this life is o'er,
 O may I dwell with thee!
 Still worshipping the blessed Lamb,
 Who liv'd and died for me.

CXCVI. *Discouraged by Waiting long.* S.M.

- 1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
 Appointed for the poor,
 From year to year, my helpless soul
 Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen
 The healing waters move,
 And others round me stepping in
 Their efficacy prove.
- 3 But my complaints remain,
 I feel the very same;
 As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
 As when at first I came.
- 4 O would the Lord appear
 My malady to heal,
 He knows how long I've languish'd here,
 And what distress I feel.
- 5 How often have I thought,
 Why should I longer lie?

Surely the mercy I have sought
Is not for such as I.

- 6 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool,
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.
- 7 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and cry:
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?
- 8 No: he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

CXCVII. *Discouraged by Waiting long.* C.M

- 1 AUTHOR of true and saving faith!
That grace to me impart;
Grant me an int'rest in thy death:
A new believing heart.
- 2 Dismiss my griefs, my sorrows end,
My reas'ning's voice control;
Approve thyself the sinner's Friend,
And bless my helpless soul.
- 3 Long have I sought thy peace to find,
But all my search was vain;
For unbelief still veil'd my mind,
And, dwelling, gnaw'd within.
- 4 At times, thy word's attracting beams
Have drawn my soul above;
Diffusing through my heart the streams
Of everlasting love.

- 5 Sometimes I've had a little taste,
 And thought thy coming nigh;
 But, ah! the blessing did not last,
 The visitant pass'd by.
- 6 And must I ever mourning go,
 A stranger to thy love?
 Shall I be join'd with saints below,
 And not with saints above?
- 7 Shall I beneath thy gospel stay,
 And hear the call of grace,
 And, at the awful judgment day,
 Be banish'd from thy face?
- 8 O may I feel a glimm'ring hope,
 Ere long thou wilt me bless;
 And at the last wilt raise me up,
 A kingdom to possess!

CXCVIII. *Faith Fainting.* 8s.

- 1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
 Just ready all hope to resign,
 I pant for the light of thy face,
 And fear it will never be mine.
 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
 I sink at thy feet with my load;
 All plaintive, I pour out my song,
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord! and my terror shall cease,
 The blood of atonement apply;
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,
 The rock that is higher than I:
 Speak, Saviour! for sweet is thy voice,
 Thy presence is fair to behold;

- I thirst for thy Spirit with cries,
And groanings that cannot be told.
- 3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep:
While harrass'd, and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests, with a roar,
"The Lord has forsaken thee quite,
"Thy God will be gracious no more."
- 4 Yet, Lord! if thy love has design'd
No covenant blessings for me,
Ah, tell me! how is it I find
Some sweetness in waiting for thee!
Almighty to rescue thou art,
Thy grace is my only resource:
If e'er thou art Lord of my heart,
Thy Spirit must take it by force.

CXCIX. *The doubting Soul desiring a
sense of Mercy.* 8s.

- 1 O THOU, whose mercy knows no bound!
(Else hadst thou ne'er redeem'd thy foe!)
Whose love's a fathomless profound,
Which known, we wish still more to know:
That mercy, Lord, that love reveal,
And let thy Spirit stamp the seal.
- 2 From wav'ring doubts, from chilling fear,
Save us, thou God of truth and light!
Thy word is sure; O bring it near!
Nor let us mourn in endless night.
Let the day dawn, the day-star rise,
And pour all heav'n upon our eyes!

- 3 Far off thy cross we dimly view,
 Nor know our int'rest in thy blood;
 Whilst thus our hearts thy grace pursue,
 O let us feel the present God!
 Come, come like light'ning from the east,
 Warm, animate each drooping breast!
- 4 Behold, like wax before the fire,
 Our melting hearts dissolve with grief;
 To thee, O Lord! is our desire,
 From thee alone we hope relief:
 Thy mercy and thy love reveal,
 And let thy Spirit stamp the seal!

cc. *Weak Believers encouraged.* S.M.

- 1 Your harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take:
 Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord,
 Bid ev'ry string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home;
 And nearer to our house above
 We ev'ry moment come.
- 3 His grace shall to the end
 Stronger and brighter shine;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 The time of love will come,
 When we shall clearly see,
 Not only that he shed his blood,
 But each shall say, FOR ME.
- 5 Tarry his leisure then,
 Wait the appointed hour;

Wait till the bridegroom of your souls
Reveal his love with pow'r.

- 6 Blest is the man, O God,
 That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall thy salvation see.

CCI. *Waiting Faith.* C. M.

- 1 THE saints should never be dismay'd,
 Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For, when they least expect his aid,
 The Saviour will appear.
- 2 Blest proofs of pow'r and grace divine
 Are taught us in his word!
May ev'ry deep-felt care of mine,
 Be trusted with the Lord.
- 3 Wait for his seasonable aid,
 And, though it tarry, wait:
The promise may be long delay'd,
 But cannot come too late.

CCII. *Believing in Hope against Hope.* 8s.

- 1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
 Fear shall in me no more take place:
My Saviour does not yet appear,
 He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield?
No—in the strength of Jesus, no—
 I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
 Although the olive yield no oil,

The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
 The field illude the tiller's toil,
 The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race—
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
 The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain,
 And no one bud of grace appear,
 No fruit of all my toil and pain,
 But sin, and only sin is here—
 Although my gifts and comforts lost,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,
 Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
 Whose matchless grace can reach to me

4 In hope, believing against hope,
 His promis'd mercy will I claim;
 His gracious word shall bear me up,
 To seek salvation in his name:—
 Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh!
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
 On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

CCIII. *Assurance of Faith.* 8s.

1 A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
 Of covenant-mercy I sing;
 Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
 My person and off'rings to bring:
 The terrors of law and of God,
 With me can have nothing to do:
 My Saviour's obedience and blood,
 Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
 The arm of his strength will complete;
 His promise is yea! and amen!
 And never was forfeited yet:
 Things future, nor things that are now,
 Not all things below or above,
 Can make him his purpose forego,
 Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands,
 Eternity will not erase;
 Imprest on his heart it remains,
 In marks of indelible grace:
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is giv'n:
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorify'd spirits in heav'n.

CCIV. *Christian Confidence.* 8.7.7.

1 YES! since God himself hath said it,
 On his promise I rely;
 His good word demands my credit,
 What can unbelief reply?
 He is strong and can fulfil,
 He is truth and therefore will.

2 Sure the Lord thus far has brought me,
 By his watchful tender care;
 Sure, 'tis he himself hath taught me
 How to seek his face by pray'r:
 After so much mercy past,
 Will he give me up at last?

3 True, I've been a foolish creature,
 And have sinn'd against his grace?

But forgiveness is his nature,
 Though he justly hides his face:
 Ere he call'd me, well he knew,
 What a heart like mine would do.

- 4 In my Saviour's intercession,
 Therefore, I will still confide;
 Lord, accept my free confession,
 I have sinn'd, but thou hast died:
 This is all I have to plead,
 This is all the plea I need.

CCV. *Triumph over Unbelief.* 10. 11.

- 1 BEGONE unbelief, my Saviour is near,
 And for my relief will surely appear;
 By pray'r let me wrestle, and he will perform;
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be the way, since he is my Guide,
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
 The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 Determin'd to save, he watch'd o'er my path,
 When Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;
 And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
 And thus far have brought me, to put me
 to shame?
- 4 Why should I complain of want or distress,
 Temptation or pain? he told me no less:
 The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
 Thro' much tribulation must follow their Lord.
- 5 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
 Which he drank quite up, that sinners might
 live!

His way was much rougher and darker than
mine;

Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?

- 6 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

CCVI. *Triumph over Unbelief.* C. M.

- 1 WHY should I doubt his love at last,
With anxious thoughts perplex'd?
Who sav'd me in the troubles past,
Will save me in the next.

- 2 Will save, till at my latest hour,
With more than conquest blest,
I soar, beyond temptation's pow'r,
To my Redeemer's breast.

CCVII. *Confiding in the Providence of God.* 8s.

- 1 ELIJAH'S example declares,
Whatever distress may betide,
The saints may commit all their cares,
To him who will surely provide:
When rain, long withheld from the earth,
Occasion'd a famine of bread,
The Prophet, secure from the dearth,
By ravens was constantly fed.

- 2 More likely to rob than to feed,
Were ravens who live upon prey;
But, when the Lord's people have need,
His goodness will find out a way:

This instance to those may seem strange,
 Who know not how faith can prevail;
 But sooner all nature shall change,
 Than one of God's promises fail.

3 Nor is it a singular case,
 The wonder is often renew'd;
 And many can say, to his praise,
 He sends them by ravens their food:
 Thus worldlings, though ravens indeed,
 Though greedy and selfish their mind,
 If God has a servant to feed,
 Against their own wills can be kind.

4 Thus Satan, that raven unclean,
 Who croaks in the ears of the saints,
 Compell'd by a power unseen,
 Administers oft to their wants:
 God teaches them how to find food,
 From all the temptations they feel,
 This raven, who thirsts for my blood,
 Has help'd me to many a meal.

5 How safe and how happy are they,
 Who on the good Shepherd rely;
 He gives them out strength for their day,
 Their wants he will ever supply:
 He ravens and lions can tame;
 All creatures obey his command;
 Then let me rejoice in his name,
 And leave all my cares in his hand.

CCVIII. *Confiding in the Providence of God.* 10. 11.

1 THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
 Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite,

Yet one thing secures us whatever betide,
The promise assures us—the Lord will provide.

- 2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written—the Lord will provide.
- 3 We all may, like ships, by tempests be tost
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet scripture engages—the Lord will provide.
- 4 His call we obey, like Abra'm of old;
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers—the Lord will provide.
- 5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, (tho' oft he has try'd,)
This heart-cheering promise—the Lord will
provide.
- 6 No strength of our own, nor goodness we
claim;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide:
The Lord is our power—the Lord will pro-
vide.
- 7 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Not fearing, nor doubting, with Christ on our
side,
We hope to die shouting—the Lord will pro-
vide!

CCIX. *Happy in the Disposal of God.* 7s.

- 1 SOV'REIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.
- 2 His decree who form'd the earth,
Fix'd my first and second birth:
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by him.
- 3 He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb:
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.
- 4 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;
- 5 Times the tempter's pow'r to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love:
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heav'nly Friend.
- 6 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bid, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love see fit.
- 7 O thou gracious, wise, and just,
In thy hands my life I trust;
Have I somewhat dearer still?
I resign it to thy will.
- 8 May I always own thy hand—
Still to the surrender stand;

Know that thou art God alone,
I and mine are all thine own.

CCX. *Fears Forbidden.* C. M.

- 1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme ;
Mercy which like a river flows
In one continued stream.
- 2 Fear not the pow'rs of earth and hell,
God will these pow'rs restrain ;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 Fear not the want of outward good,
He will for his provide ;
Grant them supplies, of daily food,
And give them heav'n beside.
- 4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone ;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.
- 5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting :
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.
- 6 You, in his wisdom, pow'r and grace,
May confidently trust ;
His wisdom guides, his pow'r protects,
His grace rewards the just.

CCXI. *Fears Removed.* 8.8.6.

- 1 UNCLEAN ! unclean ! and full of sin,
From first to last, O Lord, I've been ;
Deceitful is my heart :

Guilt presses down my burden'd soul,
 But Jesus can the waves control,
 And bid my fears depart.

- 2 When first I heard his word of grace,
 Ungratefully I hid my face,
 Ungratefully delay'd :
 At length, his voice more pow'rful came,
 "'Tis I," he cry'd, "I still, the same,
 "Thou need'st not be afraid."
- 3 My heart was chang'd in that same hour,
 My soul confess'd his mighty pow'r,
 Out flow'd the briny tear ;
 I listen'd still to hear his voice,
 Again he said, "In me rejoice,
 "'Tis I, thou need'st not fear."
- 4 "Unworthy of thy love," I cry'd;
 "Freely I love," he soon reply'd,
 "On me thy faith be stay'd :
 "On me for ev'ry thing depend,
 "I'm Jesus still, the sinner's Friend,
 "Thou need'st not be afraid."

CCXII. *Joy Restored.* L. M.

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
 And smiling day once more appears,
 Then, my Redeemer, then I find
 The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
 And blush that I should ever be
 Thus prone to act so base a part,
 Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

- 3 O! let me then at length be taught
 (What I am still so slow to learn)
 That God is love, and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
 But, when my faith is sharply try'd,
 I find myself a learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
 Subdues the disobedient will;
 Drives doubt and discontent away,
 And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
 As I am ready to repine;
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
 Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

CCXIII. *Panting after the Love of Christ.* 8.8.6.

- 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee?
 I thirst, and long, and pant to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Almighty, precious love of God!
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In my poor stony heart!
 For love I sigh, for love I pine,
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part!

- 3 O that I could for ever sit,
 With Mary at my Master's feet,
 Bé this my happy choice!
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 4 Thy love alone do I require,
 Nothing on earth beneath desire,
 Nothing in heav'n above:
 Let earth and all its trifles go,
 Give me, O Lord, thy love to know,
 Give me thy precious love!

CCXIV. *The Inquiry, "Lovest thou me."* 7s.

- 1 HARK! my soul, it is the Lord!
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word:
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
 "And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
 "Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 "Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
 "Cease towards the child she bare?
 "Yes: she may forgetful be,
 "Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
 "Higher than the heights above;
 "Deeper than the depths beneath,
 "Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 "When the work of grace is done;

"Partner of my throne shall be—
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love thee, and adore,
 O! for grace to love thee more!

ccxv. *Longing to know that we love Christ.* 7s.

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought;
 Do I love the Lord, or no?
 Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
 Who have never heard his name!
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
 Pray'r a task and burden prove,
 Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild:
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mix'd with all I do;
 You who love the Lord indeed,
 Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet, I mourn my stubborn will;
 Find my sin a grief and thrall;

- Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou, who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun !
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

CCXVI. *Professing to love Christ.* C.M.

- 1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart, and see ;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul ?
Then let me nothing love :
Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear ?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 4 Would not mine ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known ?

- 5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
 In honour of thy name?
 And challenge the cold hand of death
 To damp th' immortal flame?
- 6 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord,
 But O! I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love thee more.

CCXVII. *Not ashamed of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be—
 A mortal man asham'd of thee?
 Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor;
 O may I scorn it more and more.
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus? sooner far
 Let ev'ning blush to own a star:
 Asham'd of Jesus? just as soon
 Let midnight blush to think of noon.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus? of that Friend
 On whom my heav'nly hopes depend?
 It must not be—be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name!
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus? yes I may,
 When I've no crimes to wash away;
 No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
 No fear to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then, (nor is the boasting vain,)
 Till then, I'll boast a Saviour slain;
 And O! may this my portion be,
 That Saviour's not asham'd of me!

CCXVIII. *Adoring Christ.* 7s.

- 1 BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ, our joy and peace!
Let our praise to him be giv'n,
High at God's right hand in heav'n.
- 2 Master, see! to thee we bow;
Thou art Lord, and only thou;
Thou, the blessed Virgin's Seed,
Glory of thy church, and Head.
- 3 Thee the angels, ceaseless, sing;
Thee we praise, our Priest and King:
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.
- 4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by thee wrought;
Wrought for all thy church! and we
Worship in their company.
- 5 We, thy little flock, adore
Thee, the Lord, for evermore!
Ever with us shew thy love,
Till we join with those above.

CCXIX. *Praising Christ.* C. M.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

- 3 He breaks the pow'r of cancel'd sin,
 He sets the pris'ner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean;
 His blood avail'd for me.
- 4 He speaks; and, list'ning to his voice, ✱
 New life the dead receive;
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
 The humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosen'd tongues employ;
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

CCXX. *Praising Christ.* 10. 11.

- 1 OUR Saviour alone, the Lord let us bless,
 Who reigns on his throne, the Prince of our
 Peace;
 Who evermore saves us by shedding his blood;
 All hail, holy Jesus, our Lord and our God.
- 2 We thankfully sing thy glory and praise,
 Thou merciful spring of pity and grace:
 Thy kindness for ever to man we will tell,
 And say, our dear Saviour redeems us from hell.
- 3 Preserve us in love, while here we abide;
 O never remove thy presence, nor hide
 Thy glorious salvation, till each of us see,
 With joy, the bless'd vision completed in thee!

CCXXI. *Singing, Worthy the Lamb.* 6. 6. 4.

- 1 "GLORY to God on high;"
 Let heav'n and earth reply,
 "Praise ye his name!"

Angels his love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 And saints cry evermore,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

2 All they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name:
 We, who have felt his blood
 Sealing our peace with God,
 Sound his dear name abroad,—
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join all the ransom'd race,
 Our Lord and God to bless:
 Praise ye his name!
 In him we will rejoice,
 Making a cheerful noise;
 And shout with heart and voice,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Though we must change our place,
 Yet shall we never cease
 Praising his name:
 To him we'll tribute bring;
 Hail him our gracious King;
 And, without ceasing, sing
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

CCXXII. *Desiring Christ's Presence.* 8s.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
 Have lost all their sweetness to me:
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;

But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always so nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season, or place,
Would make any change in my mind:
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my Sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

CCXXIII. *Desiring the Presence of Christ.* 8. 8. 6.

- 1 THINK now, dear Jesus, on the pain,
The toil, the smart thou didst sustain,
To ransom my poor heart:

Kindly, dear Lamb, return and come,
And make my heart thy constant home,
Nor ever more depart.

- 2 No more let sable clouds of night
Arise to intercept my light,
Or earth my heart detain:
By that dear cross still let me stay,
Here let me sing each happy day,
And die to live again.

CCXXIV. *Desiring Christ's Presence.* 7s.

- 1 DEAREST Jesus, come to me,
And abide eternally;
Worthy Friend of sinners, come,
Fill and make my heart thy home.
- 2 Oftentimes for thee I sigh,
Nothing else can give me joy:
This is still my cry to thee,
Dearest Jesus, come to me.
- 3 Could I clearly see above,
What thy saints possess in love;
All would be but misery,
Except Jesus were with me.
- 4 Son of God, my dearest Lord,
All my crown and my reward:
Thou who freely diedst for me,
Dwell, for ever dwell with me!

CCXXV. *Desiring the Assistance of Christ.* 11s.

- 1 COMPASSIONATE Bridegroom, my Shepherd,
and Friend,
Thy child from the fury of Satan defend;

Thy presence continue, thy blessing convey,
And grant me a spirit to praise and to pray.

2 Prevent and assist me, and so shall I run,
And further within me the work thou'st
begun;

And then let the world me reject or despise,
Thy grace for my wants, Lord, shall ever
suffice.

3 Still go thou before me, and guide me aright,
Thy peace be my comfort, thyself my delight;
Thy will be my pleasure, thy honour my aim,
And this be my glory, the blood of the Lamb.

4 This, this be my portion, thy beauty my
song,

Thy name and thy praises still dwell on
my tongue;

Direct, by thy Spirit, my actions and ways,
So shall I inherit thy blessing always.

CCXXVI. *Desiring Fellowship with Christ.* L.M.

1 'Tis pure free grace to me, my God,
To know the merit of thy blood:
Lord keep me ever, through this grace,
At thy dear feet, that happy place!

2 Sweet is the privilege to be,
My Lord, in fellowship with thee:
This blessing let me always find,
And feel thee near, and prove thee kind.

CCXXVII. *Desiring Fellowship with Christ.* C. M.

- 1 THOU say'st, dear Jesus, all thy saints
 Who love thy face to see,
 Shall have, while in this vale of tears,
 Kind visits oft from thee.
2. Then let my soul with thee converse,
 Who art my chief delight;
 For sure the world can't ease my heart,
 If banish'd from thy sight.

CCXXVIII. *The Pleasure of Fellowship with Christ.* C. M.

- 1 To tell the Saviour all my wants,
 How pleasing is the task!
 Nor less to praise him when he grants
 Beyond what I can ask.
- 2 My lab'ring spirit vainly seeks
 To tell but half the joy;
 With how much tenderness he speaks,
 And helps me to reply.
- 3 Nor were it wise, nor should I choose,
 Such secrets to declare;
 Like precious wines, their taste they lose,
 Expos'd to open air.
- 4 But this with boldness I proclaim,
 Nor care if thousands hear;
 Sweet is the ointment of his name,
 Not life is half so dear.

CCXXIX. *Deprecating Apostacy.* C.M.

- 1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
 (Alas! what numbers do!)
 Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
 "Wilt thou forsake me too?"
- 2 Ah Lord! with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast,
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,
 To save a wretch like me;
 To whom or whither could I go,
 If I should turn from thee?
- 4 The help of men and angels join'd,
 Can never reach my case;
 Nor can I hope relief to find,
 But in thy boundless grace.
- 5 No voice but thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart;
 No love but thine can make me bless'd,
 And satisfy my heart.
- 6 What anguish has that question stirr'd—
 If I will also go?
 Yet, Lord, relying on thy love,
 I humbly answer, no!

CCXXX. *The Returning Backslider.* 8s.

- 1 WEARY of wand'ring from my God,
 And now made willing to return,
 I hear, and bow me to the rod;
 For thee, not without hope, I mourn;

- I have an advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.
- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O! for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.
- 4 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of sin!
A godly fear of sin impart;
Implant and root it deep within!
That I may dread thy gracious pow'r,
And never dare to offend thee more.

CCXXXI. *The Returning Backslider.* C. M.

- 1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble cry;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye.
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn!
Thyself hast bid me seek thy face,
Thyself hast said, return!
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?

Thy word of promise cannot fail,
My tow'r of safe retreat.

4 Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray :
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way !

5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine !
And let thy Spirit's voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

CCXXXII. *Desiring a closer Walk with God. c.m.*

1 OH ! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame !
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb !

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But now I find an aching void,
Which God alone can fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,

Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
And light divine mark out the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

CCXXXIII. *Self-dedication.* 7s.

- 1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in three, and three in one!
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done!
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n!
- 2 If so poor a worm as I,
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my thoughts and words receive!
Claim me for thy service—claim
All I have, and all I am!
- 3 Take my soul and body's pow'rs,
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will,
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, and speak, and do:
Take my heart—but make it new!
- 4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in three, and three in one!
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done!
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n!

CCXXXIV. *The Believer's Blessedness.* L. M.

- 1 How blest are they whose feet have found
The way unto Immanuel's ground;
And steadfast walk the blissful road,
Far from the paths by sinners trod.
- 2 Their weary spirits sweetly rest,
Contentedly on Jesu's breast;
They so much of his mercy prove,
As wins their grateful souls to love.
- 3 His Spirit shews their sins forgiv'n,
And seals them for the heirs of heav'n;
And gives them patience here to wait,
Till Jesus them to bliss translate.
- 4 He arms them for the evil day,
That they in heart with him may stay;
He girds them with his mighty pow'r,
And brings them through the trying hour.
- 5 Then rest, my soul, upon the Lord,
Ev'n Jesus Christ, the living Word;
And then thy joy shall ne'er decay,
Till it break out in endless day.

CCXXXV. *The Believer's Blessedness.* 10. 11.

- 1 O WHAT shall I do, my Saviour to praise,—
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest believer that hangs upon him!
- 2 How happy the man whose heart is set free—
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face;
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

- 3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name;
 They shall, as their right, thy righteousness claim;
 Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd
 by thy blood,
 Bold shall they appear in the presence of
 God.
- 4 For thou art their boast, their glory, and
 pow'r;
 And I also trust to see the glad hour,
 My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
 The day of salvation, that lifts up my head.
- 5 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,
 Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;
 For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
 And share in the gladness of all that believe.

CCXXXVI. *Raising our Ebenezer.* 8. 7.

- 1 COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—oh! fix me on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love!
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thine help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.

- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above!

CCXXXVII. *Grateful Recollection.* 8.7.

- 1 O MY Lord! I've often mused
 On thy wond'rous love to me;
 How I have the same abused,
 Slighted, disregarded thee!
 To thy church and thee a stranger,
 Pleas'd with what displeased thee;
 Lost, yet could perceive no danger;
 Wounded, yet no wound could see.
- 2 But unwearied thou pursu'st me,
 Still thy calls repeated came;
 Till on Calv'ry's mount I view'd thee,
 Bearing my reproach and blame:
 Then o'erwhelm'd with shame and sorrow,
 Whilst I view each pierced limb,
 Tears bedew the scourge's furrow,
 Mingling with the purple stream.
- 3 I no more at Mary wonder,
 Dropping tears upon the grave;
 Earnest asking all around her,
 Where is he who died to save?
 Dying love her heart attracted,
 Soon she felt his rising pow'r;
 He, who Mary thus affected,
 Bids his mourners weep no more.

CCXXXVIII. *Celebrating Divine drawing.* C.M.

- 1 My God, what silken cords are thine!
How soft, and yet how strong!
While pow'r, and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.
- 2 Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin;—
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.
- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins,
One moment takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort, through all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows;
And glory of unnumber'd years,
Eternity bestows.
- 5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet;
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our conqu'ror's feet.

CCXXXIX. *Review of Providence.* C.M.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

- 3 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul,
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me on to man.
- 5 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face;
 And, when in sins and sorrow sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 6 Through ev'ry period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.
- 7 Through all eternity, to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 For 'tis eternity alone
 Can utter all thy praise!

CCXL. *Gratitude to Christ.* 8s.

- 1 WHAT shall we render unto thee,
 Thou glorious Lord of life and pow'r!
 Teach us to bow the humble knee,
 Teach us with thankfulness t' adore:
 To praise thee as thy saints above;
 To praise thee for thy wond'rous love.
- 2 When, like lost sheep, we wander'd wide
 And madly sought from thee to fly—
 When borne along th' impetuous tide
 Of this world's sin and vanity—

Our Jesus from his heav'n came down,
To save us by free grace alone.

- 3 He bore our sins upon the tree;
 (To seek and save the lost he came;)
There was he nail'd to set us free
 From death and everlasting shame:
The chosen flock from hell were freed,
And ransom'd, when their Shepherd bled.
- 4 Before the Father's awful throne,
 Our merciful High-priest he stands;
And, interceding for his own,
 The purchas'd remnant now demands;
His people's everlasting Friend,
Who, loving, loves them to the end.
- 5 May we, his banish'd ones, rejoice,
 Him for our Lord and God to own;
Delight to hear his Spirit's voice,
 And cleave to his dear cross alone:
Be growing up in holiness,
Then meet him in the realms of bliss.

CCXLI. *Gratitude for an Interest in
Christ's death.* 8s.

- 1 And can it be that I should gain
 An int'rest in the Saviour's blood!
Died he for me who caus'd his pain,
 For me! who him to death pursu'd?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That thou, my God, should'st die for me!
- 2 'Tis myst'ry all: th' immortal dies!
 Who can explore this strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
 To sound the depths of love divine:

'Tis mercy all! let earth adore;
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

- 3 He left his Father's throne above,
 (So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!
- 4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night—
Thine eye diffus'd a quick'ning ray;—
 I woke;—the dungeon flam'd with light!
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.
- 5 No condemnation now I dread,
 Jesus, and all in him, are mine;
Alive in him, my living head,
 And cloth'd in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown through Christ my own.

CCXLII. *Gratitude for Conversion.* 8s.

- 1 WHAT am I, O thou glorious God!
 And what my father's house to thee,
That thou such mercies hast bestow'd
 On me, the vilest reptile, me!
I take the blessing from above,
And wonder at thy boundless love.
- 2 Me in my blood thy love pass'd by,
 And stopp'd my ruin to retrieve;
Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye,
 Thy bowels yearn'd, and sounded, "Live!"

Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
And pardon in thy mercy found.

3 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise,
I render to my pard'ning God!

Extol the riches of thy grace,
And spread thy saving name abroad—
That only name to sinners giv'n,
Which lifts poor dying worms to heav'n.

4 Jesus, I bless thy gracious pow'r
And all within me shouts thy name;
Thy name let ev'ry soul adore,
Thy pow'r let ev'ry tongue proclaim:
Thy grace let ev'ry sinner know,
And find with me his heav'n below!

CCXLIII. *Gratitude for Conversion.* 8s.

1 THEE will I love, my strength, my tow'r;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works, and thee alone:
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Ah! why did I so late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!
Ah! why did I no sooner go,
To thee, the only ease in pain!
Asham'd I sigh, and inly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I stray'd;
I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd;
Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd;

And, now, if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun!

That thy bright beams on me have shin'd;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown

My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind:
I thank thee, whose enliv'ning voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

5 Uphold me in the arduous race,

Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace,
Still to press forward in thy way:
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might!
Fill, satiate with thy heav'nly light.

CCXLIV. *Drawn by Gratitude to duty.* L.M.

1 LORD, when my thoughts, delighted, rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
The sight revives my drooping heart,
And bids invading fears depart.

2 Guilty and weak, to thee I fly,
On thy atoning blood rely,
And on thy righteousness depend,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my Friend.

3 Be all my heart, be all my days,
Devoted to thy single praise!
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love!

CCXLV. *Refreshing views in Sickness.* C. M. D.

- 1 AND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die;
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high:
 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long-sought rest,
 (That only rest for which it pants,)
 On the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain;
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain:
 I travel my appointed years,
 Till my Deliv'rer come,
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.
- 3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
 Before my ravish'd eyes,
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of Paradise:
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there;
 They all are rob'd in radiant white,
 And conqu'ring palms they bear.
- 4 Lord, what are all my suff'rings here,
 If thou but make me meet,
 With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
 And worship at thy feet!
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life and friends away;

But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

CCXLVI *Refreshing views in Sickness.* C. M.

- 1 WHEN langour and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
 And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
 In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
 Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember, that his blood
 My debt of suff'ring paid.
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
 Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience day by day
 His Spirit's quick'ning breath.
- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
 For all things to depend.
- 7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees;

Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

- 8 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

CCXLVII. *Longing to see Christ in his Glory.* 8s.

- 1 I LONG to behold him array'd
With glory and grandeur above;
The King in his beauty display'd,
His beauty of holiest love:
I trust, through his grace to be there,
Where Jesus has fix'd his abode:
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!
- 2 With him I on Zion shall stand;
(For Jesus has spoken the word;)
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord;
And when on thy bosom reclin'd,
Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
My fulness of bliss I shall find,
My heaven of heavens, in thee!
- 3 How happy the people that dwell
At rest in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness nor sorrow they prove:
Physician of souls, unto me
A part in thy righteousness give;
So shalt thou, when death sets me free,
My soul to the city receive.

CCXLVIII. *A glimpse of Glory.* 8s.

- 1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear !
 Believers will soon be at home ;
 The city of saints shall appear,
 The day of eternity come ;
 From earth we shall quickly remove,
 Fly up to our native abode ;
 The house of our Father above,
 The palace of angels and God !
- 2 Not all the arch-angels can tell
 The joys of that holiest place,
 Where Jesus is pleas'd to reveal
 The light of his heavenly face !
 Where, caught in the rapturous flame,
 The sight beatific they prove ;
 And walk in the light of the Lamb,
 And bask in the beams of his love !
- 3 In loud hallelujahs they sing,
 And harmony echoes his praise !
 When, lo ! the celestial King
 Pours out the full light of his face !
 The joy neither angel nor saint
 Can bear, so ineffably great !
 For, see ! the whole company faint ;
 And heaven is found at his feet !
- 4 Who then upon earth can conceive
 The bliss that in heaven they share !
 And who this dark world would not leave,
 And cheerfully die to be there !
 Where Christ is our Light and our Sun,
 And we by reflection shall shine ;
 With him everlastingly one,
 And bright in effulgence divine !

- 5 'Tis good, at thy word, to be here ;
 'Tis better in thee to be gone ;
 And see thee in glory appear,
 And rise to a share of thy throne:
 The tears shall be wip'd from our eyes,
 When thee we behold in the cloud ;
 And echo the joy of the skies,
 And shout to the trumpet of God.

CCXLIX. *Heavenly Joy anticipated.* 6. 9.

- 1 COME, and let us ascend,
 My companion and friend,
 To a taste of the banquet above :
 If thine heart be as mine,
 If for Jesus it pine, .
 Come up into the chariot of love.
- 2 Who in Jesus confide,
 They are bold to outride
 The storms of affliction beneath :
 With the prophet they soar
 To that heavenly shore,
 And outfly all the arrows of death.
- 3 Who on earth can conceive
 How happy they live
 In the city of God, the great King !
 What a concert of praise,
 When our Jesus's grace
 The whole heavenly company sing !
- 4 What a rapturous song,
 When the glorify'd throng
 In the spirit of harmony join !

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- 4 What a rapturous song,
 When the glorify'd throng
 In the spirit of harmony join!

Join all the glad choirs.
 Hearts, voices, and lyres,
 And the burden is—'mercy divine!'

- 5 Hallelujah they cry,
 To the King of the sky,
 To the great everlasting I AM;
 To the Lamb that was slain :
 Lo ! he liveth again!
 Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

CCL. The Preacher's travail for Souls. 6:8.

- 1 WHO can describe the pain
 Which faithful preachers feel ;
 Constrain'd to speak in vain,
 To hearts as hard as steel;
 Or who can tell the pleasure felt,
 When stubborn hearts begin to melt !
- 2 The Saviour's dying love,
 The soul's amazing worth,
 Their utmost efforts move,
 And draw their bowels forth :
 They pray and strive, their rest departs,
 Till Christ be form'd in sinners' hearts.
- 3 If some small hope appear,
 They still are not content;
 But with a jealous fear,
 They watch for the event :
 Too oft they find their hopes deceiv'd,
 Then how their inmost souls are griev'd !
- 4 But when their pains succeed,
 And from the tender blade
 The rip'ning ears proceed,
 Their toils are overpaid :

No harvest joy can equal their's,
To find the fruits of all their cares.

- 5 On what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The pow'r is thine alone,
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

CCLI. Desiring the spread of the Gospel. L. M.

- 1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys;
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control—
- 2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come!
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom
Shall, at its brightness, flee away,
The dawn of an eternal day.
- 3 Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe,
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law;
And Antichrist, on ev'ry shore,
Fall from his throne, to rise no more.
- 4 Then shall thy lofty praise resound
On Afric's shore, through India's ground;
And islands of the southern sea,
Shall stretch their eager arms to thee.
- 5 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet,
In pure devotion at thy feet;
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,
Her fulness, and her glory too.

6 O that from Britain now might shine
 This heav'nly light, this truth divine!
 Till the whole universe shall be
 But one great temple, Lord, for thee!

CCLII. *Desiring the spread of the Gospel.* 8.7.4.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace:
 Blessed jub'lee,
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude Barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtain'd on Calvary:
 Let the Gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
 May the everlasting gospel
 Pierce the gloom of heath'nish night,
 And with splendour
 Shine unto the perfect day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
 Spread thy conquests, never cease;
 May thy lasting, wide dominion
 Still to wider bounds increase;
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around!

CCLIII. *Desiring the spread of the Gospel.* L. M.

- 1 To distant lands thy gospel send,
And thus thine empire wide extend:
To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,
Thou King of Grace! salvation shew.
- 2 Where'er thy sun and light arise,
Thy name, O God! immortalize!
May nations yet unborn confess
Thy wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness.

CCLIV. *Praying for the Conversion of the Jews.* 8s.

- 1 FATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed;
Justly they claim the softest pray'r
From us adopted in their stead,
Who mercy, through their fall, obtain,
And Christ, by their rejection, gain.
- 2 Outcasts from thee, and scatter'd wide
Through ev'ry nation under heav'n,
Blaspheming whom they crucify'd,
Unsav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n,
Branded like Cain, they bear their load,
Abhorr'd of men, and curs'd of God.
- 3 But hast thou finally forsook,
For ever cast thine own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murd'ers look
On him they pierc'd, and weep and pray?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is past:
"All Israel shall be sav'd at last."

- 4 Come then, thou great Deliv'rer, come!
 The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
 Receive thine ancient people home,
 That, quicken'd by thy dying love,
 The world may their reception view,
 And shout to God the glory due.

CCLV. *Hailing the spread of the Gospel.* 6. 8.

- 1 ALL hail, incarnate God!
 The wondrous things foretold
 Of thee, in sacred writ,
 With joy our eyes behold:
 Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
 And monuments of glory rear.
- 2 To thee the hoary head
 Its silver honours pays;
 To thee the blooming youth
 Devotes his brightest days:
 And ev'ry age their tribute bring,
 And bow to thee, all conqu'ring King.
- 3 O haste, victorious Prince,
 That happy glorious day,
 When souls, like drops of dew,
 Shall own thy gentle sway:
 O may it bless our longing eyes,
 And bear our shouts beyond the skies.
- 4 All hail, triumphant Lord!
 Eternal be thy reign!
 Behold the nations sue
 To wear thy gentle chain!
 When earth and time are known no more,
 Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

CCLVI. *At a meeting for Prayer.* C. M.

- 1 DEAR Shepherd of thy people, here,
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast giv'n a place for pray'r,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord, dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.
- 4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

CCLVII. *At a meeting for Prayer.* L. M.

- 1 BELOVED Saviour, faithful Friend,
The joy of all thy cross's train,
In mercy to our aid descend,
Or else we worship thee in vain.
- 2 In vain we meet to sing and pray,
If Christ his influence withhold;
Our hearts remain as cold as clay,
Till we our God by faith behold.
- 3 Then let us feel thy healing beams,
And view thy reconciled face;
Yea, prove thy presence in these means,
To bless a vile and helpless race.

- 4 Here manifest thyself in peace,
 Thy faithful mercies now make known :
 O breathe on us a gale of grace !
 And send the cheering blessing down.
- 5 We gladly for thy coming wait,
 Seeking to know thee as thou art ;
 We bow as sinners at thy feet,
 And bid thee welcome to our heart.

CCLVIII. *At meetings for Christian
 Conversation. L. M.*

- 1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise ;
- 2 " There," says the Saviour, " will I be,
 " Amid this little company ;
 " To them unveil my smiling face,
 " And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word ;
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 Now fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

CCLIX. *At religious Meetings in general. C. M.*

- 1 JESUS, knit all our hearts to thee,
 And join us all in one ;
 And in our meetings ev'ry where,
 Be thou our aim alone.
- 2 Reign thou, sole Monarch of our hearts,
 Without a rival reign ;

Till we with angels join above,
To praise the Lamb once slain.

CCLX. *Before Prayer.* S. M.

- 1 DEAR Lord, attend our pray'r
And all our wants relieve;
Come to our hearts, and dwell thou there,
That thou in us may'st live!
- 2 In weakness we draw nigh
Unto the throne of grace;
Answer a sinner's mournful cry,
And fill us with thy peace.
- 3 Thou read'st the naked breast;
For liberty we groan:
We sigh in thee, our Lord, to rest,
And worship thee alone.
- 4 If trials vex our mind,
Close to thy wounds we'll flee;
No refuge may we elsewhere find,
But what we find in thee.
- 5 To thee we come, our Friend,
As sinners poor indeed;
On thee for future grace depend,
Our help in ev'ry need.

CCLXI. *Prayer.* 7s.

- 1 RISE, my soul, with ardour rise,
Breathe thy wishes to the skies;
Freely pour out all thy mind,
Seek, and thou art sure to find:
Ready art thou to receive!
Readier is thy God to give!

- 2 Friend of sinners, King of saints,
 Answer my minutest wants;
 Let my cries thy throne assail,
 Ent'ring now within the veil:
 Give the benefits I claim;
 Lord, I ask in Jesu's name.

- 3 Meek and lowly be my mind,
 Pure my heart, my will resign'd;
 Make me dead to all below,
 Only Christ resolv'd to know:
 Firm and disengag'd, and free,
 Seeking all my bliss in thee.

- 4 Stoop from thy eternal throne;
 See, thy promise calls thee down!
 High and lofty as thou art,
 Dwell within my worthless heart:
 My poor fainting soul revive,
 There for ever walk and live.

- 5 Heav'nly Adam, life divine,
 Change my nature into thine;
 Move and spread throughout my soul,
 Actuate and fill the whole:
 Be it I no longer now
 Living in the flesh, but thou.

- 6 Holy Ghost, no more delay,
 Come, and in thy temple stay;
 Now thine inward witness bear,
 Strong, and permanent, and clear:
 Source of light, thyself impart,
 Rise eternal in my heart!

CCLXII. *Prayer.* 8s.

- 1 FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy ev'ry creature needs—
Whose goodness, providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry—
To thee I look;—my soul prepare;
Suggest and hearken to my pray'r.
- 2 Since, by thy light, myself I see
Naked and poor, if out of thee;
Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say:
Thou seest my wants; for help they call;
And, ere I speak, thou know'st them all.
- 3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind;
Thou know'st how unsubdu'd my will—
Averse to good, and prone to ill;
If one good thought all heav'n would buy,
Not one good thought, O Lord! have I.
- 4 Fain would I know, as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see;
Fain wöuld I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan;
Abhor the pride that works within,
Detest and loathe myself and sin.
- 5 Father, I want a thankful heart,
I want to taste how good thou art;
To plunge me in thy mercy's sea,
And comprehend thy love to me;
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
Of love divinely infinite.

- 6 Ah! give me, Lord, myself to feel;
 My total misery reveal;
 Ah! give me, Lord, (I still would say,)
 A heart to mourn, a heart to pray:
 My bus'ness this, my only care,
 My life, my ev'ry breath, be pray'r!
- 7 Jesus, my great High Priest above,
 My Friend before the throne of love,
 If now for me prevails thy pray'r—
 If now I find thee pleading there—
 Hear, and my weak petitions join,
 Almighty Advocate, to thine.

CCLXIII. *Prayer.* 7s.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer pray'r;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring;
 For his grace and pow'r are such,
 None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
 Lord, remove this load of sin!
 Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord I come to thee for rest,
 Take possession of my breast;
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let thy love my spirit cheer;

As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

- 6 Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

CCLXIV. *Prayer.* 7s.

- 1 JESU, Jesu, King of saints,
Known to thee are all my wants;
Self-convicted, self-abhorr'd,
I approach thee, dearest Lord.
- 2 Known to thee, whose eyes are flame,
I thy love and pity claim;
With an eye of love look down:
Help me, Lord, and help me soon.
- 3 Break, oh! break this heart of stone.
Form it for thy use alone;
Bid each vanity depart,
Build thy temple in my heart.
- 4 This be my support in need,
That thou didst so freely bleed;
All my hopes and joys arise,
From thy bloody sacrifice.
- 5 This confirms me when I'm weak,
Comforts me when I am sick;
Gives me courage when I faint,
Well supplies my ev'ry want.
- 6 Saviour, to my heart be near,
Exercise the shepherd's care;
Guard my weakness by thy grace,
Let me feel a constant peace.

CCLXV. *The Christian's Wants.* S.M.

- 1 JESU, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hearest pray'r.
- 2 I want a heart to pray,
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my suff'rings less.
- 3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill.
- 4 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee, when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly.
- 5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
(Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,)
To thee and thy great name.
- 6 I want a just concern,
For thine immortal praise,
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.
- 7 I want, with all my heart,
Thy pleasure to fulfil;
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect will.
- 8 I want, I know not what;
I want my wants to see;

I want—alas ! what want I not,
When thou art not with me !

CCLXVI. *The Beggar.* 6. 8.

- 1 ENCOURAG'D by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door ;
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 [The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdain ;
And those which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.]
- 3 I have no right to say,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more :—
Thou know'st that, from my very birth,
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.
- 4 [Nor can I dare profess,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My faults have been but few :
If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.]
- 5 'Twere folly to pretend,
I never begg'd before ;
Or, if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more :

Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.

6 [Though crumbs are much too good
For such a dog as I;
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy:
O do not frown and bid me go!
I must have all thou canst bestow.]

7 [Nor can I willing be,
Thy bounty to conceal
From others, who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel:
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.]

8 Thy thoughts thou Only Wise!
Our thoughts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above the earth extend:
Such pleas as mine, men would not bear,
But God receives a beggar's pray'r.

CCLXVII. *The Throne of Grace.* 6.8.

1 When Hannah press'd with grief,
Pour'd forth her soul in pray'r;
She quickly found relief,
And left her burden there:
Like her, in ev'ry trying case,
Let us approach the throne of grace.

2 When she began to pray,
Her heart was pain'd and sad;
But ere she went away,
Was comforted and glad:

- In trouble what a resting place,
Have they who know the throne of grace!
- 3 Though men and devils rage,
And threaten to devour;
The saints, from age to age,
Are safe from all their pow'r:
Fresh strength they gain to run their race,
By waiting at the throne of grace.
- 4 Numbers before have try'd,
And found the promise true;
Nor one been yet deny'd,
Then why should I or you?
Let us by faith their footsteps trace,
And hasten to the throne of grace.

CCLXVIII. *The Throne of Grace.* S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shews a smiling face,
And waits to answer pray'r.
- 2 The rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?
- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

- 5 Teach me to live by faith,
 Conform my will to thine;
 Let me victorious be in death,
 And then in glory shine!

CCLXIX. *Access to the Throne.* 7. 6.

- 1 O LORD, how great's the favour
 That we, such sinners poor,
 Can, through thy death's sweet savour,
 Approach thy mercy's door,
 And find an open passage
 Unto the throne of grace;
 There wait the welcome message,
 Which bids us go in peace!
- 2 Lord, we are helpless creatures,
 Full of the deepest need,
 Throughout defil'd by nature,
 Stupid and inly dead;
 Our strength is perfect weakness,
 And all we have is sin;
 Our hearts are all uncleanness,
 A den of thieves within.
- 3 In this forlorn condition,
 Who shall afford us aid?
 Where shall we find compassion,
 But in the church's Head?
 Jesus, thou art all pity,
 O take us to thine arms!
 And exercise thy mercy,
 To save us from all harms.
- 4 (We'll never cease repeating
 Our numberless complaints;

But ever be entreating
 The glorious King of saints,
 Till we attain the image
 Of him we inly love,
 And pay our grateful homage
 With all the saints above.)

- 5 Then we, with all in glory,
 Shall thankfully relate
 Th' amazing, pleasing story,
 Of Jesu's love so great:
 In this blest contemplation,
 We shall for ever dwell;
 And prove such consolation,
 As none below can tell.

CCLXX. Boldness at the Throne of Grace. L. M.

- 1 SPRINKLED with reconciling blood,
 I dare approach thy throne, O God;
 Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
 Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!
- 2 Th' encircling rainbow, peaceful sign!
 Doth with refulgent brightness shine;
 And while my faith beholds it near,
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear.
- 3 Let me my grateful homage pay,
 With courage sing, with fervour pray;
 And, though myself a wretch undone,
 Hope for acceptance through thy Son.
- 4 Thy Son, who on th' accursed tree,
 Expir'd to set the vilest free;
 On this I build my only claim,
 And all I ask is in his name.

CCLXXI. *Wrestling Jacob.* 7s.

- 1 LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name!
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy seat by pray'r;
Mercy heard and set him free;—
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have past since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now,
Who could hold me up but thou!
- 6 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need,
This emboldens me to plead:
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?
- 7 No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesu's sake.

CCLXXII. *The Principal Request.* C.M.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise;
- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
"From ev'ry murmur free;
"The blessings of thy grace impart,
"And make me live to thee.
- 3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
"My life and death attend;
"Thy presence through my journey shine,
"And crown my journey's end."

CCLXXIII. *Praying that the Good Work may
be begun and completed.* C. M.

- 1 LORD God, omnipotent to bless,
My supplication hear;
Guardian of Jacob, to my voice
Incline thy gracious ear.
- 2 If I have never yet begun
To tread the sacred road,
O teach my wand'ring feet the way
To Zion's blest abode!
- 3 Or if I'm trav'ling in the path,
Assist me with thy strength;
And let me swift advances make,
And reach thy heav'n at length!
- 4 My care, my hope, my first request,
Are all compris'd in this,
To follow where thy saints have led,
And then partake their bliss.

CCLXXIV. *Jabez's Prayer.* S. M.

- 1 "O THAT the Lord indeed
"Would me, his servant, bless;
"From ev'ry evil shield my head,
"And crown my paths with peace!
- 2 "Be his almighty hand
"My helper and my guide,
"Till with his saints in Canaan's land,
"My portion he divide."

CCLXXV. *Prayer for Help.* 7s.

SELF-destroy'd, for help I pray:
Help me, Saviour, from above,
Help me to believe, obey,
Help me to repent and love;
Help to keep the graces giv'n,
Help me quite from hell to heav'n.

CCLXXVI. *Prayer for Mercy.* C. M.

MERCY, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
Lord, let thy mercy come.

CCLXXVII. *Prayer for the Whole Church.* L. M.

- 1 IN thee, thou all-sufficient God,
The springs of happiness arise,
That cheer this howling waste below,
And bless the mansions of the skies.
- 2 We, the productions of thy pow'r,
And pensioners upon thy love,

Look to thy throne with longing eyes,
And wait thy blessings from above.

- 3 Protect the young from ev'ry snare,
And let thy staff support the old;
Relieve the poor, nor let the rich
Have all their heritage in gold.
- 4 Let joyful saints still taste thy grace,
Give to the mourners heav'nly day;
Sustain the strong, and quick revive
The with'ring plants from their decay.

CCLXXVIII. *The Lord's Prayer.* 8.8.6.

- 1 OUR Father, whose eternal sway
The bright angelic hosts obey,
O! lend a pitying ear:
When on thy awful name we call,
And at thy feet submissive fall,
O! condescend to hear.
- 2 Far may thy glorious reign extend;
May rebels to thy sceptre bend,
And yield to sov'reign love:
May we take pleasure to fulfil
The sacred dictates of thy will,
As angels do above.
- 3 From thy kind hand each temp'ral good,
Our raiment and our daily food,
In rich abundance come:
Lord, give us still a fresh supply,
If thou withhold thy hand we die,
And fill the silent tomb.
- 4 Pardon our sins, O God! that rise,
And call for vengeance from the skies;
And while we are forgiv'n,

Grant that revenge may never rest,
Nor malice harbour in that breast,
That feels the love of heav'n.

5 Protect us in the dang'rous hour,
And from the wily tempter's pow'r,
O! set our spirits free;
And if temptation should assail,
May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
And lead our hearts to thee.

6 Thine is the pow'r, to thee belongs
The constant tribute of our songs,
All glory to thy name:
Let ev'ry creature join our lays,
In one resounding act of praise
Thy wonders to proclaim.

CCLXXIX. *Prayer answered by Crosses.* L. M.

- 1 I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answer'd pray'r;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favour'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining pow'r,
Subdue my sins and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,

- And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.
- 5 Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 "Lord, why is this?" I, trembling cry'd,
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
"I answer pray'r for grace and faith:
- 7 "These inward trials I employ,
"From self and pride to set thee free;
"And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
"That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

CCLXXX. *Admiring a Prayer-hearing God.* C. M.

- 1 OFT hast thou, Lord, in tender love,
Prevented my request,
And sent thy Spirit from above,
An unexpected guest.
- 2 Oft, when my pray'r was scarce begun,
Thou didst thy fire impart,
And make thy pard'ning mercy known,
And seal it on my heart.
- 3 Why this profusion of thy grace
To such a worm as me?
Father, I ask in fix'd amaze,
Explain the mystery!
- 4 Why dost thou to a sinner's cry,
Incline thy pitying ear?
Thou hear'st my advocate on high,
And wilt for ever hear.

Grant that revenge may never rest,
Nor malice harbour in that breast,
That feels the love of heav'n.

5 Protect us in the dang'rous hour,
And from the wily tempter's pow'r,
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Incline thy pitying ear?
Thou hear'st my advocate on high,
And wilt for ever hear.

CCLXXXI. *On the New Year.* 7s.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here:
 Fix'd in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
 Speedily the mark to find;
 As the light'ning from the skies,
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream:
 Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise!
 All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view:
 Bless thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 And, when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

CCLXXXII. *On the New Year.* C. M.

1 AND now, my soul, another year
 Of thy short life is past;
 I cannot long continue here,
 And this may be my last.

- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care,
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern.
- 4 Now a new scene of time begins,
Set out afresh for heav'n;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely giv'n.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

CCLXXXIII. *On a Public Fast.* C. M.

- 1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace, alone,
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and why is Britain spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are?
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, "Forbear!"
- 4 What num'rous crimes, increasing, rise
Through this apostate isle!

What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile?

5 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require;
And sink, with gay indiff'rence, down
To everlasting fire!

7 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thine all-conqu'ring grace!
Then shall our hearts receive thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

8 Then, should insulting foes invade,
We need not yield to fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

CCLXXXIV. *On a Public Fast.* 7. 6. 8.

1 DREADFUL, sin-chastizing God,
If the decree is past,
If the long impending rod
Must scourge our land at last,
When thou risest to reprove
The sinners who thy judgments dare,
Spare the remnant, Lord, in love!
Thy, praying people spare!

2 If, on such a land as this,
Thou must avenged be,
Yet preserve, in perfect peace,
The souls that trust in thee:

Hide their precious lives above,
 And make them thy peculiar care :
 Spare the remnant, &c.

3 Mark the men who deeply sigh
 Our nation's guilt to view ;
 Hear their deprecating cry,
 And save the mournful few :
 Far from them thy plague remove,
 The famine and the waste of war :
 Spare the remnant, &c.

4 On thy little flock of sheep
 O let thy goodness shine !
 Smile on us, who wish to weep
 Beneath the hand divine :
 Help us, O thou holy Dove,
 To breathe the much availing pray'r :
 Spare the remnant, Lord, in love !
 Thy praying people spare.

CCLXXXV: *Peace prayed for.* L. M.

1 ON Britain, long a favour'd isle,
 Now overwhelm'd with grief and shame,
 Deign, mighty God, once more to smile ;
 The same thy pow'r, thy grace the same.

2 Let peace descend with balmy wing,
 And all its blessings round her shed ;
 Her liberties be well secur'd,
 And commerce lift her fainting head.

3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
 The warlike trump no longer sound ;
 The din of arms be heard no more,
 Nor human blood pollute the ground.

- 4 Let hostile troops drop from their hands,
The useless sword, the glitt'ring spear;
And join in friendship's sacred bands,
Nor one dissentient voice be there.
- 5 Thus save, O Lord, a sinking land!
Millions of tongues shall then adore,
Resound the honours of thy name,
And spread thy fame from shore to shore.

CCLXXXVI. *Public Thanksgiving.* L.M.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's pray'r;
And, though deliv'rance long delay,
Answers in his well-chosen day.
- 2 Salvation doth to God belong,
His pow'r and grace shall be our song;
The tribute of our love we bring,
To thee our Saviour and our King!
- 3 Our temples, guarded from the flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant name;
And ev'ry peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.
- 4 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy honour'd sight;
Hence, in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour to persevere.

CCLXXXVII. *Infant Baptism.* C.M.

- 1 SEE Isr'el's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name;
 "For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 "The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,—
 Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Kindly receive this tender branch,
 And form [his] soul for God:
 Baptize [him] with thy Spirit Lord,
 And wash [him] in thy blood.
- 5 Thus to the parents and their seed
 Let thy salvation come;
 And num'rous households meet at last
 In one eternal home.

CCLXXXVIII. *Lord's Supper.* C.M.

- 1 THAT doleful night before his death,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Did, almost with his latest breath,
 This solemn feast ordain.
- 2 To keep thy feast, Lord, are we met,
 And to remember thee;
 Help each poor trembler to repeat,
 "For me he died, for me!"
- 3 Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred sign
 To our remembrance brings;
 We eat the bread and drink the wine,
 But think on nobler things.

- 4 O! tune our tongues, and set in frame
 Each heart that pants to thee,
 To sing hosanna to the Lamb,
 The Lamb that died for me.

CCLXXXIX. *Self-dedication at the Lord's
 table. L. M.*

- 1 LORD, am I thine, entirely thine?
 Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine?
 With full consent thine I would be,
 And own thy sov'reign right in me.
- 2 Thee my new Master now I call,
 And consecrate to thee my all;
 Lord, let me live and die to thee,
 Be thine through all eternity.

CCXC. *Seeking direction in the Choice of
 a Pastor. L. M.*

- 1 SHEPHERD of Isr'el, bend thine ear,
 Thy servants' groans indulgent hear;
 Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,
 And seek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
 To guide our doubtful footsteps right;
 Our drooping hearts, O God! sustain,
 Nor let us seek thy face in vain.
- 3 Return, in ways of peace, return,
 Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
 May our bless'd eyes a shepherd see,
 Dear to our souls, and dear to thee!

CCXCI. *An Ordination Hymn.* C. M.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a case of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego—
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, where should we appear?
- 5 May they, that Jesus whom they preach
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

CCXCII. *At the Settlement of a Minister.* L. M.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Isr'el, thou dost keep,
With constant care thy humble sheep;
By thee inferior pastors rise
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart,
Model'd by thine own gracious heart;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

- 4 O! tune our tongues, and set in frame
 Each heart that pants to thee,
 To sing hosanna to the Lamb,
 The Lamb that died for me.

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 Be thine through all eternity.

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- 2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,
 To guide our doubtful footsteps right;
 Our drooping hearts, O God! sustain,
 Nor let us seek thy face in vain.
- 3 Return, in ways of peace, return,
 Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;
 May our bless'd eyes a shepherd see,
 Dear to our souls, and dear to thee!

CCXCI. *An Ordination Hymn.* C. M.

- 1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their awful charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a case of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego—
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, where should we appear?
- 5 May they, that Jesus whom they preach
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

CCXCII. *At the Settlement of a Minister.* L. M.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Isr'el, thou dost keep,
With constant care thy humble sheep;
By thee inferior pastors rise
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart,
Model'd by thine own gracious heart;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.

- 3 Fed by their active tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear;
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pasture tread!
- 4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scatter'd blessings on thy house;
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more,
As sheep without a guide, deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own the tribute of our praise.

CCXCIII. *Prayer for Ministers in General.* L.M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest pray'r;
We plead for those who plead for thee—
Successful pleaders may they be!
- 2 Clothe thou, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 3 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 4 Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating pow'r.

- 5 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

CCXCIV. *Christ's care of his Ministers
and Churches.* C. M.

- 1 WE bless th' eternal source of light,
Who makes the stars to shine;
And, through this dark beclouded world,
Diffuseth rays divine.
- 2 We bless the churches' sov'reign King,
Whose golden lamps we are,
Fix'd in the temple of his love
To shine with radiance fair.
- 3 Still be our purity preserv'd,
Still fed with oil the flame;
And in deep characters inscrib'd
Our heav'nly Master's name.
- 4 Then, while between our ranks he walks,
And all our state surveys,
His smiles shall with new lustre deck
The people of his praise.

CCXCV. *On the choice of Deacons.* L. M.

- 1 FAIR Zion's King, we suppliant bow,
And hail the grace thy church enjoys;
Her holy deacons are thy own,
With all the gifts thy love employs.

- 2 Up to thy throne, we lift our eyes,
 For blessings to attend our choice,*
 Of such whose gen'rous, prudent zeal
 Shall make thy favour'd ways rejoice.
- 3 Happy in Jesus their own Lord,
 May they his sacred table spread;
 The table of their pastor fill,
 And fill the holy poor with bread!
- 4 [When pastors, saints, and poor they serve,
 May their own hearts with grace be crown'd!
 While patience, sympathy and joy
 Adorn, and through their lives abound.]
- 5 By purest love to Christ and truth,
 O may they win a good degree
 Of boldness in the Christian faith;
 And meet the smile of thine and thee!
- 6 And when the work to them assign'd—
 The work of love is fully done,
 Call them from serving tables here,
 To sit around thy glorious throne.

CCXCVI. *On receiving fresh Members. C.M.*

- 1 THERE'S joy in heav'n, and joy on earth,
 When prodigals return;
 To see desponding souls rejoice,
 And haughty sinners mourn.
- 2 "Come, saints, and hear what God has done,"
 Is a reviving sound:

* If this hymn be sung before the choice, then the second line of the second verse may stand thus:

"For wisdom to direct our choice;"

O may it spread from sea to sea,
E'en all the globe around.

3 Often, O sov'reign Lord, renew
The wonders of this day,
That Jesus here may see his seed,
And Satan lose his prey.

4 Great God, the work is all thine own,
Thine be the praises too;
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
Give thee the glory due.

CCXCVII. *On sending a Member into
the Ministry.* L. M.

1 OUR God ascends his lofty throne,
Array'd in majesty unknown!
His lustre all the temple fills,
And spreads o'er all th' ethereal hills:

2 The holy, holy, holy Lord,
By all the seraphim ador'd!
And, while they stand beneath his seat,
They veil their faces and their feet.

3 Lord, how can sinful lips proclaim
The honours of so great a name!
O! for thine altar's glowing coal
To touch his lips, to fire his soul! *

4 Then, if a messenger thou ask,
A lab'rer for the hardest task,
Through all his weakness and his fear,
Love shall reply, "Thy servant's here."

* If sung on any other occasion, "his" in the last three verses,
may be exchanged for "my."

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Through all his weakness and his fear,
Love shall reply, "Thy servant's here."

* If sung on any other occasion, "his" in the last three verses,
may be exchanged for "my."

- 5 Nor let his willing soul complain,
 Though ev'ry effort seem in vain;
 It ample recompense shall be,
 But to have wrought, O God, for thee.

CCXCVIII *A Welcome to Christian Friends.* L.M.

- 1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only he can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n
 To know the Saviour's precious name!
 And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
 Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he by whose kind care we meet,
 Send his good Spirit from above;
 Make our communications sweet,
 And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
 When Christians see each other thus;
 We only wish to speak of him
 Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
 And suffer'd for us here below;
 The path he mark'd for us to tread,
 And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
 And hasten on the glorious day,
 When we shall meet to part no more.

CCXCIX. *At a Parting of Christian Friends.* C.M.

- 1 BLESSED be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove—
We still are join'd in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And do his work below.
- 3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside!
Nothing desire, nor aught esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd.
- 4 Closer and closer, let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace;
Out of his fulness still receive,
And plenteous grace for grace.
- 5 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When vanquish'd death shall shrink away,
And bodies part no more!

CCC. *On going to a New Habitation.* C.M.

- 1 GREAT God, where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raise;
And there, with humble frame, present
Our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 To thee we give our health and strength,
While health and strength shall last;
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

CCCI. *Family Worship.* L. M.

- 1 FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustain'd.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of heav'n, scorns not to dwell
With saints, in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name,
When, pleas'd and thankful, we remove
To join the family above.

CCCII. *Children Prayed for.* S. M.

- 1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace!
- 2 O what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite,
To lead their souls to thee.
- 3 Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour
On our beloved seed!
O bring the long'd-for, happy hour
That makes them thine indeed!

- 4 May they receive thy word,
 Confess the Saviour's name,
 And make the glory of the Lord
 Their undivided aim.
- 5 Then let our favour'd race
 Surround thy sacred board,
 There to adore thy sov'reign grace,
 And sing their dying Lord.

CCCIII. *An Evening, or Chamber Hymn.* 8s.

- 1 WHAT though my frail eye-lids refuse
 Continual watching to keep,
 And, punctual as midnight renews,
 Demand the refreshment of sleep—
 A sov'reign Protector I have,
 Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
 Unchangeably faithful to save,
 Almighty to rule and command.
- 2 From evil secure, and its dread,
 I rest if my Saviour is nigh;
 And songs his kind presence, indeed,
 Shall in the night season supply:
 He smiles, and my comforts abound;
 His grace as the dew shall descend;
 And walls of salvation surround
 The soul he delights to defend.
- 3 Kind Author and Ground of my hope,
 Thee, thee for my God I avow;
 My glad Ebenezer set up,
 And own thou hast help'd me till now:
 I muse on the years that are past,
 Wherein my defence thou hast prov'd;

Nor wilt thou relinquish at last,
A sinner so signally lov'd.

- 4 Inspirer and Hearer of pray'r,
Thou Feeder and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant-care
I, sleeping and waking, resign:
If thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.
- 5 Thy minist'ring spirits descend,
To watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep:
Bright seraphs, dispatch'd from thy throne,
Repair to their stations assign'd;
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.
- 6 Thy worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King:
I too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator and mine.

CCCIV. *For Saturday Evening.* 7s.

- 1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way:
Let us now a blessing seek
On th' approaching sabbath-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest!

- 2 Mercies multiply'd each hour
 Through the week, our praise demand;
 Guarded by almighty pow'r,
 Fed and guided by his hand,
 Though ungrateful we have been,
 Only made returns of sin.
- 3 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
 In the dear Redeemer's name,
 Shew thy reconciled face,
 Shine away our sin and shame!
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this night in thee.
- 4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
 Let us feel thy presence near;
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 When we in thy house appear!
 There afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.
- 5 May thy Spirit's voice resound,
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints:
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all our wants!
 Thus let all our sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the church above.

cccv. *The Aged Christian's dying Wish.** 8s.

IN age and feebleness extreme,
 Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
 Jesus! my only hope thou art,
 Strength of my failing flesh and heart;

* The last composition of the Rev. Charles Wesley.

O! could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity.

CCCVI. *The Dying Christian to his Soul.* P. M.

1 VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away,
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath,
Tell me my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings, I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

CCCVII. *On the sight of a Dying Saint.* C.M.

1 LORD, when we see a saint of thine
Lie gasping out his breath,
With longing eyes and looks divine,
Smiling, and pleas'd in death—

2 How we could e'en contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed!

We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.

3 Our souls are rising on the wing
To venture in his place;
For when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

4 Jesus, then purge my crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates my fears;
'Tis guilt gives death his fierce array,
And all the arms he bears.

5 O! if my threat'ning sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on;
And chide his lazy wing.

6 Away these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.

7 I'd leap at once my sev'nty years,
I'd rush into his arms;
And lose my breath, and all my cares,
Amid those heav'nly charms.

8 Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave this lifeless clay,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch and soar away.

CCCVIII. *On the Death of an Infant.* C. M.

1 Thy life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transports all divine;
Thine image trace in ev'ry word,
Thy love in ev'ry line.

O! could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity.

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With transports all divine;
Thine image trace in ev'ry word,
Thy love in ev'ry line.

- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
 Spread o'er thy lovely face,
 While infants in thy tender arms
 Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
 "And lay them in my breast:
 "Protection they shall find in me,
 "In me be ever blest.
- 4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
 "But can't dissolve my love:
 "Millions of infant souls compose
 "The family above.
- 5 "Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise,
 "And mould with heav'nly skill;
 "I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
 "And hands to do thy will."
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,
 And shout, with joy divine:
 Dear Saviour, all we have and are
 Shall be for ever thine.

CCCIX. *A Parent's reflections on the
 Death of his Child.* L. M.

- 1 NATURE, I own, I feel thy pow'r,
 Alas! the parent's heart must grieve:
 Grace! aid me in the suff'ring hour,
 And what thou dost not blame, relieve.
- 2 The God that strikes me, bids me mourn,
 But bids me too my tears restrain;
 Repentance else will have its turn,
 And I must weep those tears again,

3 What says my child? "Weep not for me,
 "Repine not that I'm early blest:
 "My happiness is heav'n's decree—
 "'Twas your fond wish—'tis all possess'd."

4 Yes, smiling saint, heav'n's will is mine;
 I would not wish thee here again;
 My charge I thankfully resign,
 And bless the hand that gives me pain.

5 Sever'd, by this kind stroke, from woe,
 Thou died'st to grieve and sin no more:
 Gracious alike to both the blow!
 I die to earth, and God adore.

cccx. *At the Funeral of a Young Person. c.m.*

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O may this truth, imprest
 With awful pow'r—"I too must die"—
 Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more:
 Behold the gaping tomb!
 It bids us seize the present hour:
 To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
 May ev'ry heart obey!
 Nor be the heav'nly warning vain
 Which calls to watch and pray!

- 5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
 Whose pow'rful arm can save!
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God, thy sov'reign grace impart,
 With cleansing, healing pow'r!
 This only can prepare the heart
 For death's surprising hour.

CCCXI. *At a Believer's Funeral.* 8. 7.

- 1 SONS of God by blest adoption,
 View the dead with steady eyes;
 What is sown thus in corruption,
 Shall in incorruption rise;
 What is sown in death's dishonour,
 Shall revive to glory's light;
 What is sown in this weak manner,
 Shall be rais'd in matchless might.
- 2 Earthly cavern, to thy keeping
 We commit our brother's dust;
 Keep it safely, softly sleeping,
 Till our Lord demand thy trust:
 Sweetly sleep, dear saint, in Jesus;
 Thou with us shalt wake from death;
 Hold he cannot, though he seize us:
 We his pow'r defy by faith.
- 3 Jesus, thy rich consolations
 To thy mourning people send;
 May we all with faith and patience,
 Wait for our approaching end:
 Keep from courage vain or vaunted,
 For our change our hearts prepare;
 Give us confidence undaunted,
 Cheerful hope, and godly fear.

cccxi. *The Happiness of Saints departed.* C.M.

- 1 How happy are the saints above,
From sin and sorrow free!
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb, aloud they cry,
That brought us here to God:
In ceaseless hymns of praise they shout
The merit of his blood.
- 3 Sweet gratitude inspires their songs,
Ambitious to proclaim,
Before the Father's awful throne,
The honours of the Lamb.
- 4 With wond'ring joy they recollect
Their fears and dangers past;
And bless the wisdom, pow'r, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.
- 5 Lord, let the merit of thy death
To me be likewise giv'n:
And I, with them, shall shout thy praise
Through all the streets of heav'n.

cccxi. *The Day of Judgment.* 8. 7. 4.

- 1 Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

- 5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
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CCCXIII. *The Day of Judgment.* 8. 7. 4.

- 1 Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away ;
 All who hate him, must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day :
 Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment! - come away!
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See! in solemn pomp appear!
 All his saints, by men rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air!
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of 'God appear.
- 5 Answer thine own bride and spirit,
 Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral doom!
 The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home:
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come!

CCCXIV. *The Day of Judgment.* 8.7.4.

- 1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
 Hark the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round!
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine!
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea;
 All the pow'rs of nature, shaken
 By his look, prepare to flee:
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee!

4 Satan, who now tries to please you,
 Lest you timely warning take,
 In that awful day will seize you,
 Plunge you in the burning lake:
 Think, poor sinner,
 Thy eternal all's at stake!

5 But to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
 "See the kingdom I bestow:
 "You for ever
 "Shall my love and glory know."

CCCXV. *Longing for a place at the Right
 hand.* 8. 8. 6.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge shalt come
 To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand.

- 2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought?
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call!
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In this th' accepted day:
Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crown'd I'll sing,
While heav'n's resounding mansions ring,
With shouts of sov'reign grace.

CCCXVI. *After Sermon.* 10. 11.

- 1 O JESUS, our Lord, thy name be ador'd,
For all the rich blessings convey'd through
thy word.
- 2 In spirit we trace thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.
- 3 The trumpet of God is sounding abroad,
The language of mercy—salvation through
blood.
- 4 Thrice happy are they who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel-day.
- 5 The people who know the Saviour below,
With burning affection to worship him glow.

- 6 The people are blest, who lean on his breast,
And have a rich foretaste of his promis'd rest.
- 7 This blessing is mine, through favour divine;
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine!
- 8 The work is of grace, thine, thine be the praise,
And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy ways.

CCCXVII. *After Sermon.* 6. 8.

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The pow'r is thine alone,
To make it spring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

CCCXVIII. *After Sermon.* 8s.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end:
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

CCCXIX. *After Sermon.* 7s.

O that all may seek and find
Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Isr'el still adore,
Trust him, praise him, evermore.

CCCXX. *The Dismission.* 8. 7. 4.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace:
 O refresh us, &c.
 Trav'ling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound:
 May the fruits of thy salvation,
 In our hearts and lives abound!
 Ever faithful, &c.
 To the truth may we be found!
- 3 So whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever, &c.
 Reign with Christ in endless day!

CCCXXI. *The Dismission.* L. M.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
 Help us to feed upon thy word;
 All that has been amiss, forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
 Wash all our works in Jesu's blood;
 Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
 And bid us all—Depart in peace.

CCCXXII. *The Dismission.* 8. 7.

1 PEACE be to this congregation,
 Peace to ev'ry soul therein;
 Peace, the foretaste of salvation,
 Peace, the fruit of cancel'd sin;
 Peace, that speaks its heav'nly Giver,
 Peace, to sensual minds unknown:
 Peace divine that lasts for ever,
 Here erect its glorious throne!

2 Prince of Peace, if thou art near us,
 Fix in all our hearts thy home;
 By thy swift appearing cheer us;
 Quickly let thy kingdom come;
 Answer all our expectation;
 Give our raptur'd souls to prove
 Glorious, uttermost salvation,
 Heav'nly, everlasting love.

CCCXXIII. *The Dismission.* 8. 7.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above!
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord;
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

CCCXXIV. *On opening a Place of Worship.* L.M.

- 1 GREAT God, thy watchful care we bless,
Which guards our synagogues in peace;
Nor dare tumultuous foes invade,
To fill our worshipers with dread.
- 2 These walls we to thine honour raise;
Long may they echo to thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign
With all the graces of his train;
While pow'r divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 4 And, in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here!

CCCXXV. *Importance of Religion.* C. M.

- 1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sov'reign virtue know!
- 2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

- 3 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
 Be my Redeemer's throne;
 And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
 His government to own!
- 4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
 Be join'd with godly fear;
 And all my conversation prove
 My heart to be sincere.
- 5 Let lively hope my soul inspire,
 Let warm affections rise;
 And may I wait with strong desire,
 To mount above the skies!

CCCXXVI. *Longing for Heaven.* C. M.

- 1 To yon dear world of light and bliss,
 Above the starry skies,
 Tir'd with the sins and griefs of this,
 I lift my longing eyes.
- 2 There Jesus, that unsetting Sun,
 Darts forth his brightest rays;
 And ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
 Unite to love and praise.
- 3 'Tis there the weary are at rest,
 And all is peace within;
 The mind with guilt no more opprest,
 The conscience all serene.
- 4 Discord and strife those regions fly,
 Distrust and slavish fear;
 No longer heaves the pensive sigh,
 Nor drops the briny tear.

- 5 And can I longer wish to stay
 So far from heav'n and God ?
 Come, angels, bear my soul away
 To your divine abode !

CCCXXVII. *The Heavenly Jerusalem.* C.M.

- 1 JERUSALEM ! my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me !
 When shall my labours have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls
 And pearly gates behold ?—
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold !
- 3 O when, thou city of my God !
 Shall I thy courts ascend ?
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And sabbaths have no end !
- 4 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom
 Nor sin nor sorrow know ;
 Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes,
 I onward press to you.
- 5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
 Or feel at death dismay ?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
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- 6 Jerusalem ! my happy home,
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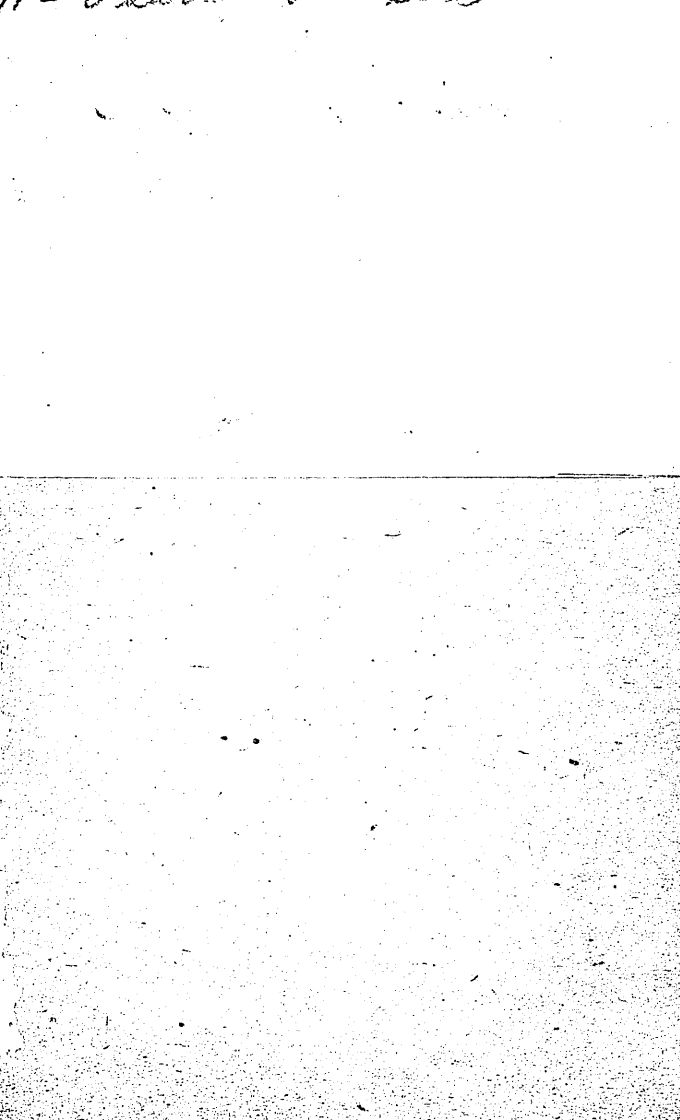
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